THE CHANCES, A COMEDY

As it is ACTED at the THEATRE ROYAL

By his Grace Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Author of the REHEARSAL.

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1609/S280

PROLOGUE.

OF all Men thoſe have reaſon leaſt to care
For being laugh'd at, who can laugh their ſhare:
And that's a thing our Author's apt to uſe
Upon occaſion, when no Man can chuſe.
Suppoſe now at this inſtant one of you
Were tickled by a Fool, what would you do?
'Tis Ten to one you'd laugh: here's juſt the caſe,
For there are Fools that tickle with their Face.
Your gay Fool tickles with his Dreſs, and Motions,
But your grave Fool of Fools, with ſilly Notions.
Is it not then unjuſt that Fops ſhould ſtill
Force one to laugh, and then take laughing ill?
Yet ſince perhaps to ſome it gives offence,
That men are tickled at the want of Sence;
Our Author thinks he takes the readieſt way
To ſhew all he has laugh'd at here fair play.
For if ill writing be a folly thought,
Correcting ill is ſure a greater fault.
Then Gallants laugh, but chuſe the right place firſt,
For judging ill is of all faults the worſt.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Duke of Ferrara.
Petruchio, *Governour of* Bologna.
Don John, } *two* Spaniſh *Gentlemen and Come-*
Don Frederick, } *rades.*
Antonio, *an old ſtout Gentlemen, Kinſman to* Petruchio.
Three Gentlemen, Friends to the Duke.
Two Gentlemen, Friends to Petruchio.
Franciſco, *a Muſician,* Antonio's *Boy.*
Peter Vecchio, *a Teacher of Latin and Muſick, a reputed Wizard.*
Peter *and* Anthony, } *two Servants to* Don John *and* Frederick.
A Surgeon.

WOMEN.

Conſtantia, *Siſter to* Petruchio, *and Miſtreſs to the Duke.*
Gentlewoman, Servant to Conſtantia.
Old Gentlewoman, Landlady to Don John *and* Frederick.
Conſtantia, *a Whore to old* Antonio.
Bawd.

1665 APR

The Scene in Naples.

The Chances.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Peter *and* Anthony; *two Servingmen.*

Peter. WOuld we were remov'd from this Town (*Anthony*)
That we might taſte ſome quiet: for mine own part,
I'm almoſt melted with continual trotting
After Enquiries, Dreams, and Revelations,
Of who knows whom or where! ſerve wenching Soldiers,
I'll ſerve a Prieſt in Lent firſt, and eat Bell-ropes.
Anth. Thou art the froward'ſt Fool——
Pet. Why, good tame *Anthony*?
Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?
Anth. To wait upon our Maſters.
Pet. But how, *Anthony*?
Anſwer me that; reſolve me there, good *Anthony*?
Anth. To ſerve their Uſes.
Pet. Shew your Uſes, *Anthony*.
Anth. To be employ'd in any thing.
Pet. No, *Anthony*,
Not any thing I take it; nor that thing
We travel to diſcover, like new Iſlands,
A ſalt Itch ſerve ſuch uſes; in things of moment,
Concerning things I grant ye, not things errant,
Sweet Ladies things, and things to thank the Surgeon:
In no ſuch things, ſweet *Anthony*; put caſe——
Anth. Come, come, all will be mended: this inviſible Woman
Of infinite report for Shape and Beauty,
That bred all this trouble to no purpoſe,
They are determin'd now no more to think on.
Pet. Were there ever
Men known to run mad with Report before?

Or wander after that they know not where
To find? or if found, how to enjoy? Are Mens Brains
Made now adays of Malt, that their Affections
Are never ſober? but like drunken People
Founder at every new fame? I do believe
That Men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.

Anth. Prethee be thou ſober,
And know that they are none of thoſe, not guilty
Of the leaſt vanity of love, only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The Graces of this Woman made them curious
To find the Truth, which ſince they find ſo
Lock'd up from their Searches, they are now reſolv'd
To give the wonder over.

Pet. Would they were reſolv'd
To give me ſome new Shooes too: for I'll be ſworn
Theſe are e'en worn out to the reaſonable Souls
In their good Worſhip's buſineſs: and ſome Sleep
Would not do much amiſs, unleſs they mean
To make a Bell-man of me: here they come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don John *and* Frederick.

Joh. I would we could have ſeen her tho': for ſure
She muſt be ſome rare Creature, or Report lyes,
All mens reports too.

Fred. I could well wiſh I had ſeen *Conſtantia*;
But ſince ſhe is ſo conceal'd, plac'd where
No knowledge can come near her, ſo guarded
As 'twere impoſſible, tho' known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.

Joh. Hang me from this hour,
If I more think upon her,
But as ſhe came a ſtrange Report unto me,
So the next Fame ſhall loſe her.

Fred. 'Tis the next way:
But whither are you walking?

Joh. My old round
After my Meat, and then to Bed.

Fred. 'Tis healthful.

Joh. Will not you ſtir?

Fred. I have a little buſineſs,

Joh. I'd lay my Life this Lady ſtill——

Fred. Then you wou'd loſe it.

Joh. Pray let's walk together.

Fred. Now I cannot.

Joh. I have ſomething to impart.

Fred.

Fred. An hour hence
I will not miſs to meet ye.
Joh. Where?
Fred. I' th' high Street;
For not to lye, I have a few Devotions
To do firſt, then I am yours.
Joh. Remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, *and two* Gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his Wind-pipe, I ſay.
1. *Gent.* Fie *Antonio.*
Ant. Or knock his Brains out firſt, and then forgive him.
If you do thruſt, be ſure it be to th' Hilts,
A Surgeon may ſee through him.
1. *Gent.* You are too violent.
2. *Gent.* Too open, undiſcreet.
Petr. Am I not ruin'd?
The Honour of my Houſe crack'd? my Blood poyſon'd?
My Credit and my Name?
2. *Gent.* Be ſure it be ſo,
Before ye uſe this violence. Let not Doubt,
And a ſuſpecting Anger ſo much ſway ye,
Your wiſdom may be queſtion'd.
Ant. I ſay kill him,
And then diſpute the Cauſe; cut off what may be,
And what is ſhall be ſafe.
2. *Gent.* Hang up a true Man,
Becauſe 'tis poſſible he may be thieviſh:
Alas, is this good Juſtice?
Petr. I know as certain
As Day muſt come again; as clear as Truth,
And open as Belief can lay it to me,
That I am baſely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompence,
Maliciouſly abus'd, blaſted for ever
In Name and Honour, loſt to all remembrance,
But what is ſmear'd and ſhameful; I muſt kill him,
Neceſſity compells me.
1. *Gent.* But think better.
Petr. There is no other Cure left; yet witneſs with me
All that is fair in Man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this Life I ſeek for,
Nor thirſt to ſhed Man's Blood; and would 'twere poſſible,
I wiſh it with my Soul, ſo much I tremble
To offend the ſacred Image of my Maker,
My Sword could only kill his Crimes; no 'tis

Honour, Honour my noble Friends, that Idol Honour,
That all the World now worſhips, not *Petruchio*,
Muſt do this Juſtice.
Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter, whether you or Honour,
Or both be acceſſary.
2. *Gent.* Do you weigh, *Petruchio*,
the value of the Perſon, Power, and Greatneſs,
And what this ſpark may kindle?
Petr. To perform it,
So much I am ty'd to Reputation,
And credit of my Houſe, let it raiſe wild Fires,
And ſtorms that toſs me into everlaſting ruine,
Yet I muſt through; if ye dare ſide me.
Ant. Dare?
Petr. Y'are Friends indeed, if not.
2. *Gent.* Here's none flies from you,
Do it in what deſign you pleaſe, we'll back ye.
1. *Gent.* Is the cauſe ſo mortal, nothing but his life?
Petr. Believe me.
A leſs Offence has been the Deſolation
Of a whole Name.
1. *Gent.* No other way to purge it?
Petr. There is, but never to be hop'd for.
2. *Gent.* Think an Hour more,
And if then ye find no ſafer Road to guide ye,
We'll ſet our Reſts too.
Ant. Mine's up already,
And hang him for my part, goes leſs than life.
2. *Gent.* If we ſee noble Cauſe, 'tis like our Swords
May be as free and forward as your Words. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

John. The civil order of this City *Naples*
Makes it belov'd, and honour'd of all Travellers,
As a moſt ſafe Retirement in all Troubles;
Beſide the wholſome Seat and noble Temper
Of thoſe Minds that inhabit it, ſafely wiſe,
And to all Strangers courteous; but I ſee
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into ſuſpicion of too late a ſtirrer,
Which all good Governments are jealous of.
I'll home, and think at liberty: yet certain,

'Tis

'Tis not ſo far night, as I thought; for ſee,
A fair Houſe yet ſtands open, yet all about it
Are cloſe; and no Light's ſtirring: there may be foul play:
I'll venture to look in: If there be Knaves,
I may do a good Office. [*Woman within.*

Within. *Signior?*

John. What? how is this?

Within. Signior *Fabritio?*

John. I'll go nearer.

Within. *Fabritio?*

John. This is a Womans Tongue, here may be good done.

Within. Who's there? *Fabritio?*

John. I.

Within. Where are you?

John. Here.

Within. O come for Heavens ſake!

John. I muſt ſee what this means.

Enter Woman *with a Child.*

Within. I have ſtay'd this long hour for you, make no noiſe.
For things are in ſtrange trouble here, be ſecret.
'Tis worth your care; be gone now, more Eyes watch us
Than may be for our ſafeties.

John. Hark ye?

Within. Peace; good night. [*Exit.*

John. She's gone, and I am loaden, fortune for me;
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be ſome Pack of worth, By th' Maſs 'tis heavy;
If it be Coin or Jewels, it is worth welcome:
I'll ne'er refuſe a Fortune; I am confident
'Tis of no common price: now to my Lodging:
If it be right, I'll bleſs this Night. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Don Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis ſtrange,
I cannot meet him; ſure he has encounter'd
Some light o' Love or other, and there means
To play at in and in for this night. Well *Don John*,
If you do ſpring a leak, or get an itch,
Till you claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night walks:
You muſt be ſtill a Boot-haling; one round more,
Tho, it be late, I'll venture to diſcover ye,
I do not like your out leaps. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke *and three Gentlemen.*

Duke. Welcom to Town, are ye all fit?
1. *Gent.* To point, Sir.
Duke. Where are the Horſes?
2. Where they were appointed.
Duke. Be private, and whatſoever Fortune
Offer it ſelf, let us ſtand ſure.
3. *Gent.* Fear us not.
Ere you ſhall be endanger'd or deluded
We'll make a black night on't.
Duke. No more, I know it;
You know your Quarters?
1. *Gent.* Will you go alone, Sir?
Duke. Ye ſhall not be far from me, the leaſt Noiſe
Shall bring ye to my Reſcue.
2. *Gent.* We are counſell'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Don John.

Joh. Was ever Man ſo paid for being curious?
Ever ſo bobb'd for ſearching out Adventures,
As I am? Did the Devil lead me? muſt I needs be peeping
Into Mens Houſes where I had no buſineſs,
And make my ſelf a miſchief? 'tis well carry'd;
I muſt take other mens occaſions on me,
And be I know not whom: moſt finely handled:
What have I got by this now? what's the purchace?
A piece of evening Arras work, a Child,
Indeed an Infidel: This comes of peeping:
A lump got out of lazineſs; good white Bread,
Let's have no bawling with ye: 'sdeath, have I
Known Wenches thus long, all the ways of Wenches,
Their Snares and Subtilties? have I read over
All their School Learning, div'd into their Quiddits
And am I now bumfidled with a Baſtard,
Fetch't over with a Card of five, and in my old days,
After the dire Maſſacre of a Million
Of Maidenheads, caught the common way, i'th night too
Under anothers name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it? well, *Don John*,
You will be wiſer one day, when ye've purchas'd

A Beavy of thoſe Butter-prints together,
With ſearching out concealed Iniquities,
Without commiſſion: Why, it would never grieve me,
If I had got this Ginger-bread: Never ſtirr'd me
So I had a ſtroke for't: 't had been juſtice
Then to have kept it; but to raiſe a Dayry
For other mens Adulteries, conſume my ſelf in Candles,
And ſcouring work, in Nurſes, Bells, and Babies,
Only for Charity, for Meer I thank you,
A little troubles me: The leaſt touch for it,
Had but my Breeches got it, it had contented met.
Whoſe e'er it is, ſure it had a wealthy Mother,
For 'tis well cloath'd, and if I be not cozen'd,
Well lin'd within: to leave it here were barbarous,
And ten to one would kill it; a worſe ſin
Than his that got it; well, I will diſpoſe on't,
And keep it, as they keep Death's Heads in Rings,
To cry *Memento* to me; no more Peeping:
Now all the danger is, to qualifie
The good old Gentlewoman, at whoſe Houſe we live;
For ſhe will fall upon me with a Catechiſm
Of four hours long: I muſt endure all;
For I will know this Mother: Come, good wonder,
Let you and I be jogging: Your ſtarv'd trebble
Will waken the rude Watch elſe: All that be
Curious Night-walkers, may they find my Fee.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home:
I have beaten all the Purlews,
But cannot bolt him: If he be a bobbing
'Tis not my care can cure him; to morrow morning
I ſhall have further knowledge from a Surgeon——
Where he lies moor'd to mend his Leaks.

Enter Conſtantia.

Con. I am ready,
And through a world of dangers am flown to ye,
Be full of haſte and care, we are undone elſe:
Where are your People? which way muſt we travel?
For Heavens ſake ſtay not here, Sir.
Fred. What may this prove?

Con.

Con. Alas, I am miſtaken, loſt, undone,
For ever periſh'd: Sir, for Heaven's ſake tell me,
Are ye a Gentleman?
Fred. I am.
Con. Of this place?
Fred. No, born in *Spain.*
Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your deſires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched Woman but this Benefit
For I am forc't to truſt ye.
Fre. Y'ave charm'd me,
Humanity and Honour bids me help ye;
And if I fail your truſt———
Con. The time's too dangerous
To ſtay your Proteſtations: I believe ye,
Alas, I muſt believe ye: From this place,
Good noble Sir, remove me inſtantly.
And for a time, where nothing but your ſelf,
And honeſt Converſation may come near me,
In ſome ſecure place ſettle me. What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my Credit
Into a Stranger's hand, the fear and dangers
That force me to this wild courſe, at more leiſure
I ſhall reveal unto you.
Fre. Come be hearty,
He muſt ſtrike through my Life that takes
You from me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, *and two* Gentlemen.

Petr. He will ſure come. Are ye all well arm'd?
Ant. Never fear us.
Here's that will make 'em dance without Fiddle.
Petr. We are to look for no weak Foes, my Friends,
Nor unadviſed ones.
An. Beſt Gameſters make the beſt Play,
We ſhall fight cloſe and home then.
1. *Gent. Antonio,*
You are a thought too bloody.
An. Why? all Phyſicians
And penny Almanacks allow the opening
Of Veins this Month: Why do ye talk of bloody?
What come we for, to fall to cuffs for Apples?
What, would you make the Cauſe a Cudgel-Quarrel?

Petr.

Petr. Speak ſoftly, gentle Couſin.
An. I will ſpeak truly;
What ſhould Men do ally'd to theſe Diſgraces,
Lick o'er his Enemy, ſit down, and dance him?
2. *Gen.* You are as far o' th' Bow Hand now.
An. And try,
That's my fine Boy, thou wilt do ſo no more, Child.
Petr. Here are no ſuch cold pities.
An. By St. *Jaques*,
They ſhall not find me one! Here's old tough *Andrew*,
A ſpecial Friend of mine, and he but hold,
I'll ſtrike 'em ſuch a Horn-pipe: knocks I come for,
And the beſt Blood I light on; I profeſs it,
Not to ſcare Coſtermongers; If I loſe my own,
My audit's loſt, and farewel Five and fifty.
Petr. Let's talk no longer, place your ſelves with ſilence
As I directed ye; and when time calls us,
As ye are Friends, ſo ſhew your ſelves.
An. So be it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Don John *and his* Land-Lady.

Land. Nay, Son, if this be your regard.
Jo. Good Mother.
Land. Good me no Goods, your Couſin and your ſelf
Are welcom to me, whilſt you bear your ſelves
Like honeſt and true Gentlemen: Bring hither
To my Houſe, that have ever been reputed
A Gentlewoman of a decent and a fair Carriage,
And ſo behaved my ſelf?
Jo. I know you have.
Land. Bring hither, as I ſay, to make my Name
Stink in my Neighbours Noſtrils? Your devices,
Your Brats got out of Alligant and broken Oaths?
Your Linſey-wolſey work, your Haſty-Puddings?
I foſter up your filch'd Iniquities?
Y' are deceiv'd in me, Sir, I am none
Of thoſe receivers.
Jo. Have I not ſworn unto you,
'Tis none of mine, and ſhew'd you how I found it?
Land. Ye found an eaſie fool that let you get it.
Jo. Will you hear me?
Land. Oaths? What care you for Oaths to gain your ends,
When ye are high and pamper'd? What Saint know ye?

Or what Religion, but your purpos'd Lewdneſs,
As to be look'd for of ye? nay, I will tell ye,
You will then ſwear like accus'd Cut-purſes,
Is far off truth too; and lye beyond all Falconers:
I'm ſick to ſee this dealing.

Jo. Heaven forbid, Mother.

Land. Nay, I am very ſick.

Jo. Who waits there?

Pet. Sir? (Within.)

Jo. Bring down the Bottle of Canary Wine.

Land. Exceeding ſick, Heaven help me.

Jo. Haſte ye Sirrah,
I muſt e'en make her drunk; nay gentle Mother.

Land. Now fie upon ye, was it for this purpoſe
You fetch'd your Evening walks for your Devotions,
For this pretended holineſs? No weather
Not before day could hold ye from the Mattins.
Were theſe your bo peep Prayers? y'ave pray'd well,
And with a learned Zeal watch'd well too; your Saint
It ſeems was pleas'd as well: Still ſicker, ſicker.

Enter Peter *with a Bottle of Wine.*

Jo. There is no talking to her till I have drench'd her.
Give me: Here Mother, take a good round draught,
'Twill purge Spleen from your Spirits: deeper Mother.

Land. I, I, Son; you imagine this will mend all.

Jo. All, I faith Mother.

Land. I confeſs the Wine
Will do his part.

Jo. I'll pledge ye.

Land But, Son *John.*

Jo. I know your meaning, Mother; touch it once more.
Alas you look not well, take a round draught,
It warmsthe Blood well, and reſtores the colour,
And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil Gentleman?
A ſtranger? one the Town holds a good regard of?

Jo. Nay I will ſilence thee there.

Land. One that ſhould weigh his fair name? oh a ſtitch!

Jo. There's nothing better for a ſtitch, good Mother,
Make no ſpare of it as you love your health;
Mince not the matter.

Land. As I ſaid a Gentleman,
Lodge in my Houſe? now Heaven's my comfort, *Signior!*

Jo. I look'd for this.

Land. I did not think you would have us'd me thus;

A Woman of my credit; One, Heaven knows,
That loves you but too tenderly.
Jo. Dear Mother,
I ever found your kindneſs and acknowledge it.
Land. No, no, I am a fool to counſel ye. Where's the Infant?
Come, let's ſee your Workmanſhip.
Jo. None of mine, Mother;
But there 'tis, and a luſty one.
Land. Heav'n bleſs thee,
Thou hadſt a haſty making; but the beſt is,
'Tis many a good Man's fortune; as I live,
Your own Eyes, *Signior*; and the neither Lip
As like ye, as ye had ſpit it.
Jo. I am glad on't.
Land. Bleſs me, what things are theſe?
Jo. I thought my labour
Was not all loſt, 'tis Gold, and theſe are Jewels,
Both rich, and right I hope.
Land. Well, well, Son *John*,
I ſee ye're a Wood man, and can chuſe
Your Deer, though it be ith' dark, all your diſcretion
Is not yet loſt; this was well clap'd aboard;
Here I am with ye now, when as they ſay
Your pleaſure comes with profit; when you muſt needs do,
Do where you may be done to, 'tis a wiſdom,
Becomes a young Man well; be ſure of one thing,
Loſe not your Labour and your time together,
It ſeaſons of a Fool, Son, time is precious,
Work wary whilſt you have it; ſince you muſt traffick
Sometimes this ſlippery way, take ſure hold, *Signior*,
Trade with no broken Merchants, make your Lading,
As you would make your reſt, adventurouſly,
But with advantage ever.
Jo. All this time, Mother,
The Child wants looking to, wants Meat and Nurſes.
Land. Now bleſſing o' thy heart, it ſhall have all,
And inſtantly; I'll ſeek a Nurſe my ſelf, Son,
'Tis a ſweet Child; ah my young *Spaniard*,
Take you no further care, Sir.
Jo. Yes of theſe Jewels,
I muſt by your good leave Mother; theſe are yours,
To make your care the ſtronger; for the reſt
I'll find a Maſter; the Gold for bringing up on't
I freely render to your charge.
Land. No more words,
Nor no more Children, (good Son) as you love me:

This may do well.

Jo. I ſhall obſerve your Morals,
But where's *Don Frederick* (Mother?)

Fard. Ten to one
About the like adventure; he told me
He was to find you out. [*Exit.*

Jo. Why ſhould he ſtay thus?
There may be ſome ill chance in't: Sleep I will not,
Before I have found him: Now this Woman's pleas'd,
I'll ſeek my Friend out, and my care is eas'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Enter Duke *and three* Gentlemen.

1. *Gen.* Believe, Sir, 'tis as poſſible to do it,
As to move the City, the main Faction,
Swarm through the Streets like *Hornets*, and with angers
Able to Ruine States, no ſafety left us,
Nor means to die like Men, if inſtantly
You draw not back again.

Du. May he be drawn
And quarter'd too, that turns now, were I ſure
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with deaths
More than thoſe fears are too!

1. *Gen.* Sir, I fear not.

Du. I would not break my Vow, ſtart from my Honour,
Becauſe I may find danger; wound my Soul
To keep my Body ſafe.

1. *Gen.* I ſpeak not, Sir,
Out of a baſeneſs to ye.

Du. No, nor do not
Out of a baſeneſs leave me: What is danger
More than the weakneſs of our apprehenſions?
A poor cold part o'th' Blood? Who takes it hold of?
Cowards and wicked Livers: Valiant minds
Were made the Maſters of it, and as hearty Sea-men
In deſperate Storms, ſtem with a little Rudder
The tumbling ruins of the Ocean;
So with their Cauſe and Swords do they do dangers.
Say we were ſure to die all in this Venture,
As I am confident againſt it: Is there any
Amongſt us of ſo fat a ſenſe, ſo pamper'd,
Would chuſe luxriouſly to lie abed,
And purge away his Spirits? ſend his Soul out
In Sugar-ſops, and Syrops? give me dying
As dying ought to be, upon mine Enemy,

Parting

Parting with Mankind, by a Man that's manly:
Let 'em be all the World; and bring along
Cain's Envy with them, I will on.
2. *Gen.* You may, Sir,
But with what ſafety?
1. *Gen.* Since 'tis come to dying,
You ſhall perceive, Sir, that here be thoſe amongſt us
Can die as decently as other Men,
And with as little Ceremony: On brave, Sir,
Du. That's ſpoken heartily.
1. *Gen.* And he that flinches
May he die louſie in a Ditch.
Du. No more dying,
There's no ſuch danger in't:
What's a Clock?
3. *Gen.* Somewhat above your hour.
Du. Away then quickly,
Make no noiſe, and no trouble will attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Frederick *and* Anthony *with a Candle.*

re. Give me the Candle: So, go you out that way.
An. What have we now to do?
Fre. And o' your Life, Sirrah,
Let none come near the Door without my knowledge,
No not my Landlady nor my Friend.
An. 'Tis done, Sir.
Fre. Nor any ſerious buſineſs that concerns me.
An. Is the Wind there again?
Fre. Be gone.
An. I am, Sir. [*Exit.*
Fre. Now enter without fear———

Enter 1. Conſtantia *with a Jewel.*

And noble Lady
That ſafety and civility ye wiſh'd for
Shall truly here attend you: No rude Tongue
Nor rough Behaviour knows this Place, no wiſhes
Beyond the moderation of a Man,
Dare enter here: Your own deſires and innocence,
Joyn'd to my vow'd obedience, ſhall protect ye.
Con. Ye are truly noble,
And worth a Womans truſt: Let it become me,
(I do beſeech you, Sir) for all your kindneſs,

To

To render with my thanks this worthleſs trifle;
I may be longer troubleſome.
Fre. Fair Offices
Are ſtill their own Rewards: Heaven bleſs me, Lady
From ſelling civil courteſies: May it pleaſe ye,
If ye will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that Cloud aſide, to ſatisfie me
For what good Angel I am engag'd.
Con. It ſhall be.
For I am truly confident ye are honeſt:
The piece is ſcarce worth looking on. (Takes off her Veil)
Fre. Truſt me.
The abſtract of all beauty, Soul of ſweetneſs,
Defend me honeſt thoughts, I ſhall grow wild elſe.
What Eyes are there, rather what little Heavens,
To ſtir Mens Contemplations? What a Paradiſe
Runs through each part ſhe has? Good Blood be temperate:
I muſt look off: Too excellent an Object
Confounds the Senſe that ſees it. Noble Lady,
If there be any further ſervice to caſt on me,
Let it be worth my Life, ſo much I honour ye,
Or the engagement of whole Families.
Con. Your Service is too liberal, worthy Sir,
Thus far I ſhall intreat.
Fre. Command me, Lady.
You make your power too poor.
Con. That preſently
With all convenient haſt you would retire
Unto the Street you found me in.
Fre. 'Tis done.
Con. There if you find a Gentleman oppreſt
With force and violence, do a Mans office,
And draw your Sword to reſcue him.
Fre. He's ſafe.
Be what he will, and let his Foes be Devils,
Arm'd with your Beauty, I ſhall conjure 'em.
Retire, this Key will guide ye: All things neceſſary
Are there before ye.
Con. All my Prayers go with ye. [*Exit.*
Fre. Ye clap on proof upon me: Men ſay Gold
Does all, engages all, works through all dangers:
Now I ſay beauty can do more: The King's Exchequer
Nor all his wealthy *Indies*, could not draw me
Through half thoſe Miſeries this piece of pleaſure
Might make me leap into: we are all like Sea-Cards
All our endeavours and our motions,
(As they do to the North) ſtill point at beauty,

Still

Still at the faireſt: for a handſom Woman,
(Setting my Soul aſide) it ſhould go hard,
But I would ſtrain my Body: yet to her,
Unleſs it be her own free gratitude,
Hopes ye ſhall die, and thou Tongue rot within me,
E'ie I infringe my Faith: now to my reſcue. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Duke *purſu'd by* Petruchio, Antonio, *and that Faction.*

Duke. YOu will not all oppreſs me?
An. Kill him i' th' wanton Eye: Let me come to him.
Duke. Then you ſhall buy me dearly.
Petr. Say you ſo, Sir?
An. I ſay Cut his Wezand, ſpoil his peeping:
Have at your Love-ſick Heart, Sir.

Enter Don John.

Jo. Sure 'tis fighting.
My Friend may be engag'd: Fie Gentlemen,
This is unmanly odds. { Duke *falls*: Don John *beſtrides him.*
An. I'll ſtop your Mouth, Sir.
Jo. Nay then have at thee freely:
There's a Plumb, Sir, to ſatisfie your longing:
Petr. Away: I hope I have ſped him: here comes reſcue
We ſhall be endanger'd: Where's *Antonio*?
An. I muſt have one thruſt more, Sir.
Jo. Come up to me.
An. A miſchief confound your Fingers.
Petr. How is it?
An. Well:
'Has given me my *Quietus eſt*; I felt him
In my ſmall Guts; I'm ſure 'has feez'd me:
This comes of ſiding with you.
2. *Gent.* Can you go, Sir?
An. I ſhould go, Man, and my Head were off,
Never talk of going.
Petr. Come, all ſhall be well then.
I hear more reſcue coming: { *Trampling within.*

Enter

Enter the Duke's *Faction.*

An. Let's turn back then;
My Scull's uncloven yet, let me but kill.
Petr. Away for Heaven's ſake with him.
Jo. How is it?
Duke. Well, Sir,
Only a little ſtagger'd.
Du. Fact. Let's purſue 'em.
Duke. No not a Man I charge ye: Thank's good Coat,
Thou haſt ſav'd me a ſhrew'd welcome: 'twas put home too,
with a good mind I'm ſure on't.
Jo. Are you ſafe then?
Duke. My thanks to you brave, Sir, whoſe timely Valour,
And manly Courteſie came to my reſcue.
Jo. Ye had foul play offer'd ye, and ſhame befal him.
That can paſs by oppreſſion.
Duke. May I crave, Sir,
But thus much Honour more, to know your Name?
And him I am ſo bound to?
Jo. For the Bond, Sir,
'Tis every good Man's tye: To know me further
Will little profit ye; I am a ſtranger,
My Country *Spain*, my name *Don John*, a Gentlemen
That came abroad to travel.
Duke. I have heard, Sir,
Much worthy mention of ye, yet I find
Fame ſhort of what ye are.
Jo. You are pleaſed, Sir,
To expreſs your Courteſie: May I demand
As freely what you are, and what miſchance
Caſt you into this danger?
Duke. For this preſent
I muſt deſire your pardon: You ſhall know me
Ere it be long, Sir, and a nobler thanks,
Than now my Will can render.
Jo. Your Will's your own, Sir.
Duke. What is't you look for, Sir, have you loſt any thing?
Jo. Only my Hat i'th' Scuffle; ſure theſe Fellows
Were Night-ſnaps.
Duke. No, believe, Sir: Pray uſe mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.
Jo. No, Sir.
Duke. Indeed ye ſhall, I can command another:
I do beſeech you honour me.

Jo.

Jo. Well, Sir, then I will,
And ſo I'll take my leave.
Duke. Within theſe few days
I hope I ſhall be happy in your knowledge.
Till when I love your Memory. [*Exit cum ſuis.*
Jo. I yours. *Enter* Frederick.
This is ſome noble Fellow.
Fre. 'Tis his Tongue ſure.
Don John.
Jo. Don Frederick?
Fre. Y are fairly met, Sir? ———
I thought ye had been a Bat-fowling: prethee tell me,
What Revelations haſt thou had to night,
That home was never thought of?
Jo. Revelations?
I'll tell thee *Frederick.* But before I tell thee,
Settle thy Underſtanding.
Fre. 'Tis prepared, Sir.
Jo. Why then mark what ſhall follow. This night *Frederick,*
This bawdy night.
Fre. I thought no leſs,
Jo. This blind night,
What doſt thou think I have got?
Fre. The Pox it may be.
Jo. Would 'twere no worſe: ye talk of Revelations,
I have got a Revelation will reveal me
An errant Coxcomb whil'ſt I live.
Fre. What is't?
Thou haſt loſt nothing?
Jo. No, I have got I tell thee.
Fre. What haſt thou got?
Jo. One of the Infantry, a Child.
Fre. How?
Jo. A chopping Child, Man.
Fre. Give you joy, Sir.
Jo. A lump of lewdneſs, *Frederick,* that's the truth on't:
This Town's abominable.
Fre. I ſtill told ye, *John,*
Your whoring muſt come home; I counſell'd ye:
But where no grace is———
Jo. 'Tis none of mine, Man.
Fre. Anſwer the Pariſh ſo.
Jo. Cheated in troth.
Peeping into a Houſe, by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the Place again: no *Frederick*
'Tis no poor one,
That's my beſt comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it, Man.

Fre. Where is't?
Jo. At home.
Fre. A ſaving Voyage: But what will you ſay, *Signior*,
To him that ſearching out your ſerious Worſhip,
Has met a ſtrange Fortune?
Jo. How, good *Frederick*?
A militant Girl to this Boy would hit it.
Fre. No, mine's a nobler Venture: What do you think, Sir,
Of a diſtreſſed Lady, one whoſe Beauty
Would over-ſell all *Italy*?
Jo. Where is ſhe———
Fre. A Woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualifi'd, as Admiration
Dwells round about her: of that perfect Spirit———
Jo. I marry, Sir.
Fre. That admirable Carriage,
That ſweetneſs in diſcourſe; young as the Morning,
Her bluſhes ſtaining his.
Jo. But where's this Creature?
Shew me but that:
Fre. That's all one ſhe's forth-coming,
I have her ſure, Boy.
Jo. Hark ye, *Frederick*,
What truck betwixt my Infant?
Fre. 'Tis too light, Sir,
Stick to your charge, good *Don John*, I am well.
Jo. But is there ſuch a Wench?
Fre. Firſt tell me this,
Did you not lately as you walk'd along,
Diſcover People that were armed and likely
To do offence?
Jo. Yes marry, and they urg'd it
As far as they had ſpirit.
Fre. Pray go forward.
Jo. A Gentleman I found engag'd amongſt 'em,
It ſeems of noble breeding, I'm ſure brave Mettle,
As I return'd to look you I ſet in to him,
And without hurt (I thank Heaven) reſcu'd him.
Fre. My Work's done then:
And now to ſatifie you there is a Woman,
Oh *John*, There is a Woman———
Jo. Oh where is ſhe?
Fre. And one of no leſs worth than I told ye;
And which is more, faln under my protection.
Jo. I am glad of that; forward, ſweet *Frederick*.
Fre. And which is more than that, by this nights wandring,
And which is moſt of all, ſhe is at home too, Sir.

Jo. Come

Jo. Come let's be gone then.
Fre. Yes, but 'tis moſt certain,
You cannot ſee her, *John.*
Jo. Why?
Fre. She has ſworn me,
That none elſe ſhall come near her: not my Mother
Till ſome Doubts are clear'd.
Jo. Not look upon her? What Chamber is ſhe in?
Fre. In ours.
Jo. Let's go, I ſay:
A Woman's Oaths are Wafers, break with making,
They muſt for modeſty a little: We all know it.
Fre. No I'll aſſure ye, Sir.
Jo. Not ſee her?
I ſmell an old dog trick of yours. Well, *Frederick*,
Ye talk'd to me of whoring, let's have fair play,
Square dealing I would wiſh ye.
Fre. When 'tis come
(Which I know never will be) to that iſſue,
Your Spoon ſhall be as deep as mine, Sir.
Jo. Tell me.
And tell me true, is the cauſe honourable?
Or for your eaſe?
Fre. By all our friendſhip, *John*,
'Tis honeſt and of great end.
Jo. I am anſwer'd:
But let me ſee her though: leave the Door open
As you go in.
Fre. I dare not.
Jo. Not wide open,
But juſt ſo, as a jealous Husband
Would level at his wanton Wife through.
Fre. That courteſie,
If ye deſire no more, and keep it ſtrictly,
I dare afford ye: Come, 'tis now near Morning. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *Enter* Peter *and* Anthony.

Peter. Nay, the old Woman's gone too.
Anth. She's a Catterwauling
Amongſt the Gutters; but conceive me, *Peter*,
Where our good Maſters ſhould be?
Peter. Where they ſhould be,
I do conceive, but where they are, good *Anthony*——
Anth. I, there it goes: My Maſter's Bo-peep with me,
With his ſly popping in and out again,
Argu'd a Cauſe Hark. [*Lute ſounds.*

Peter. What?
Anth. Doſt not hear a Lute?
Agen?
Peter. Where is't?
Anth. Above, in my Maſter's Chamber.
Peter. There's no Creature: He hath the Key himſelf, Man.
Anth. This is his Lute: Let him have it. { *Sing within a little.*
Peter. I grant ye; but who ſtrikes it?
Anth. An admirable Voice too, hark ye.
Peter. *Anthony*,
Art ſure we are at home?
Anth. Without all doubt, *Peter.*
Peter. Then this muſt be the Devil.
Anth. Let it be.
Good Devil ſing again: O dainty Devil,
Peter, believe it, a moſt delicate Devil,
The ſweeteſt Devil———

Enter Frederick *and* Don John.

Fred. If you would leave peeping.
Jo. I cannot by no means.
Fred. Then come in ſoftly;
And as you love your Faith, preſume no further
Than ye have promiſed.
Jo. Baſco.
Fred. What make you up ſo early, Sir?
Jo. You, Sir, in your Contemplations.
Peter. O pray ye peace, Sir.
Fred. Why peace, Sir?
Peter. Do you hear?
Jo. 'Tis your Lute. She's playing on't.
Anth. The Houſe is haunted, Sir.
For this we have heard this half year.
Fred. Ye ſaw nothing?
Anth. Not I.
Peter. Nor I Sir.
Fred. Get you our Breakfaſt then,
And make no words on't; we'll undertake this Spirit,
If it be one.
Anth. This is no Devil, *Peter*,
Mum, there be bats abroad. [*Exeunt ambo.*
Fred. Stay, now ſhe ſings.
Jo. An Angels Voice I'll ſwear.
Fred. Why did'ſt thou ſhrug ſo?
Either allay this heat; or as I live

I will not truſt ye.
Jo. Paſs: I warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter 1. Conſtantia.

Conſt. To curſe thoſe Stars that Men ſay govern us,
To rail at Fortune, to fall out with my Fate,
And tax the general World, will help me nothing:
Alas, I am the ſame ſtill, neither are they
Subject to helps, or hurts; our own deſires
Are our own Fates, and our own Stars, all our Fortunes,
Which as we ſway 'em, ſo abuſe or bleſs us.

Enter Frederick, *and* Don John Peeping,

Fred. Peace to your Meditations.
Jo. Pox upon ye,
Stand out o' 'th Light.
Conſt. I crave your mercy, Sir;
My mind o'er charg'd with care made me unmannerly.
Fred. Pray ye ſet that mind at reſt, all ſhall be perfect.
Jo. I like the Body rare; a handſom Body,
A wondrous handſom Body; would ſhe would turn:
See, and that ſpightful Puppy be not got
Between me and my Light again.
Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command ſhall be: The Gentleman
Is ſafely off all danger.
Jo. Rare Creature!
Conſt. How ſhall I thank ye, Sir? how ſatisfie?
Fred. Speak ſoftly, gentle Lady, all's rewarded,
Now does he melt like Marmalade.
Jo. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the ſweeteſt Woman that Eyes e'er look'd on.
Fred. None diſturb'd ye?
Conſt. Not any, Sir, nor any ſound came near me,
I thank your care.
Fred. 'Tis well.
Jo. I would fain pray now,
But the Devil, and that Fleſh there o'th' World,
What are we made to ſuffer?
Fred. He'll enter;
Pull in your Head and be hang'd.
Jo. Hark ye, *Frederick*,
I have brought you home your Pack-Saddle.
Fred. Pox upon ye.
Conſt. Nay, let him enter: Fie my Lord the Duke,

Stand

Stand peeping at your Friends.
Fred. Ye are cozen'd Lady,
Here is no Duke.
Conſt. I know him full well, *Signior.*
Jo. Hold thee there Wench.
Fred. This Mad-brain'd Fool will ſpoil all.
Conſt. I do beſeech your Grace come in.
Jo. My Grace,
There was a Word of Comfort.
Fred. Shall he enter,
Who e'er he be?
Jo. Well follow'd *Frederick.*
Conſt. With all my Heart.

Enter Don John.

Fred. Come in then.
Jo. Bleſs ye Lady.
Fred. Nay, ſtart not, though he be a Stranger to ye.
He's of a noble ſtrain, my Kinſman, Lady,
My Country-Man, and Fellow-Traveller,
One Bed contains us ever, one Purſe feeds us,
And one Faith free between us; do not fear him,
He's truly Honeſt.
Jo. That's a Lye.
Fred. And Truſty:
Beyond your wiſhes: Valiant to defend
And modeſt to converſe with, as your Bluſhes.
Jo. Now may I hang my ſelf; this commendation
Has broke the Neck of all my Hopes; for now
Muſt I cry, no forſooth, and I forſooth, and ſurely,
And truly as I live, and as I am honeſt,
'Has done theſe things for nonce too; for he knows,
Like a moſt envious Raſcal as he is,
I am not honeſt,
This way: H'as watch'd his time,
But I ſhall quit him.
Conſt. Sir, I credit ye.
Fred. Go ſalute her, *John.*
Jo. Plague o' your Commendations.
Conſt. Sir, I ſhall now deſire to be a trouble.
Jo. Never to me, ſweet Lady; thus I ſeal
My Faith, and all my Service.
Con. One word, *Signior.*
Jo. Now 'tis impoſſible I ſhould be honeſt.
What points ſhe at? My Leg I warrant; or
My well knit Body: Sit faſt, *Don Frederick.*
Fred. 'Twas given him by that Gentleman

You

You took ſuch care of; his own being loſt i' th' Scuffle.
Conſt. With much joy may he wear it: 'tis a right one
I can aſſure ye, Gentlemen; and right happy
May he be in all fights for that Noble Service.
Fred. Why do ye bluſh?
Conſt. 'T had almoſt cozened me,
For not to lye, when I ſaw that, I look'd for
Another owner of it: but 'tis well.
Fred. Who's there? [*Knock within.*
Stand ye a little cloſe: come in, Sir.

Enter Anthony.

Now what's the News with you?
Anth. There is a Gentleman without,
Would ſpeak with *Don John.*
Jo. Who, Sir?
Anth. I do not know, Sir, but he ſhews a Man
Of no mean reckoning.
Fred. Let him ſhew his Name,
And then return a little wiſer. [*Exit* Anthony.
Fred. How do you like her, *John*?
Jo. As well as you, *Frederick*,
For all I am honeſt; you ſhall find it too.
Fred. Art thou not honeſt?
Jo. Art thou an Aſs?
And modeſt as her bluſhes? What a Blockhead
Would e'r have popp'd out ſuch a dry Apology,
For his dear Friend; and to a Gentlewoman,
A Woman of her Youth, and Delicacy,
They are Arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honeſt moral Man; 'tis for a Conſtable:
A handſome Man, a wholeſome Man, a tough Man,
A liberal Man, a likely Man, a Man
Made up like *Hercules*, unſlack'd with Service:
The ſame to night, to morrow night, the next night,
And ſo to perpetuity of pleaſures,
Theſe had been things to hearken to, things catching;
But you have ſuch a ſpiced conſideration,
Such Qualms upon your Worſhip's Conſcience,
Such Chilblains in your Blood, that all things prick ye,
Which Nature, and the liberal World makes Cuſtom,
And nothing but fair Honour, O ſweet Honour,
Hang up your Eunuch Honour: That I was truſty,
And valiant, were things well put in; but modeſt!
A modeſt Gentleman! O Wit where waſt thou?
Fred. I am ſorry, *John.*

Jo. My

Jo. My Lady's Gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a School boy, make me bluſh
With playing with my Cod-piece-point: fie on thee,
A Man of thy diſcretion.
Fred. It ſhall be mended;
And henceforth ye ſhall have your due.

Enter Anthony.

Jo. I look for't: how now, who is't?
Anth. A Gentleman of this City,
And calls himſelf *Petruchio*.
Jo. I'll attend him.

Enter Conſtantia.

Conſt. How did he call himſelf?
Fred. Petruchio,
Does it concern ye ought?
Conſt. O Gentlemen,
The hour of my deſtruction is come on me,
I am diſcover'd, loſt, left to my ruine:
As ever ye ha' pity———
Jo. Do not fear,
Let the great Devil come, he ſhall come through me firſt:
Loſt here, and we about ye?
Fred. Fall before us?
Conſt. O my unfortunate eſtate, all angers
Compar'd to his, to his———
Fred. Let his, and all Mens,
Whil'ſt we have Power and Life, ſtand up for Heavens ſake.
Conſt. I have offended Heaven too; yet Heaven knows———
Jo. We are all evil:
Yet Heaven forbid we ſhould have our deſerts.
What is he?
Conſt. Too too near to my offence, Sir:
O he will cut me piece-meal.
Fred. 'Tis no Treaſon?
Jo. Let it be what it will: if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.
Fred. He muſt buy you dear,
With more than common Lives.
Jo. Fear not, nor weep not:
By Heaven I'll fire the Town before ye periſh,
And then the more the merrier, we'll jog with ye.
Fred. Come in, and dry your Eyes.
Jo. Pray no more weeping:

Spoil a ſweet Face for nothing? my return
Shall end all this I warrant ye.
Conſt. Heaven grant it may. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio *with a Letter.*

Petr. This Man ſhould be of Quality and Worth
By *Don Alvâra*'s Letter, for he gives
No ſlight recommendations of him:
I'll e'en make uſe of him.

Enter Don John.

Jo. Save ye, Sir: I am ſorry
My buſineſs was ſo unmannerly, to make ye
Wait thus long here.
Petr. Occaſions muſt be ſerv'd, Sir:
But is your name *Don John*?
Jo. It is, Sir.
Petr. Then,
Firſt for your own brave ſake I muſt embrace ye:
Next, for the credit of your noble Friend
Hernanda de Alvara, make ye mine:
Who lays his charge upon me in this Letter
To look ye out, and
Whilſt your occaſions make you reſident
In this Place, to ſupply ye, love and honour ye;
Which had I known ſooner——————
Jo. Noble Sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a Sword, Sir,
And have a Service to be ſtill diſpos'd of
As you ſhall pleaſe command it.
Petr. That manly Curteſie is half my buſineſs, Sir,
And to be ſhort, to make ye know I honour ye,
And in all points believe your worth like Oracle;
This day *Petruchio*,
A Man that may command the ſtrength of this Place,
Hazard the boldeſt Spirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble Office:
Jo. Forward, I am free to entertain it.
Petr. Thus then:
I do beſeech ye mark me.
Jo. I ſhall, Sir.
Petr. *Ferrara*'s Duke, would I might call him worthy,
But that he has raz'd out from his Family,

As he has mine with Infamy. This Man,
Rather this powerful Monſter, we being left
But two of all our Houſe, to ſtock our Memories,
My Siſter *Conſtantia* and my ſelf; with Arts and Witchcrafts,
Vows and ſuch Oaths Heaven has no mercy for,
Drew to diſhonour this weak Maid, by ſtealth,
And ſecret paſſages I knew not of,
Oft he obtain'd his wiſhes, oft abus'd her,
I am aſham'd to ſay the reſt: This purchas'd,
And his hot Blood allay'd, he left her,
And all our Name to ruine.

Jo. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded ſo.

Petr. I hope ſo;
He ſcap'd me yeſternight:
Which if he dare again adventure for——

Jo. Pray, Sir, what commands have you to lay on me?

Petr. Only thus; by word of mouth to carry him
A Challenge from me, that ſo (if he have honour in him)
We may decide all difference between us.

Jo. Fair, and Noble,
And I will do it home: When ſhall I viſit ye?

Petr. Pleaſe you this Afternoon, I will ride with ye;
For at a Caſtle ſix Miles hence, we are ſure
To find him.

Jo. I'll be ready.

Petr. My Man ſhall
Wait here, to conduct ye to my Houſe.

Jo. I ſhall not fail ye, Sir. [*Exit* Petruchio.

Enter Prederick.

Fred. How now?

Jo. All's well, and better than thou could'ſt expect, for this Wench here is certainly no Maid; and I have hopes ſhe is the ſame that our two curious Coxcombs have been ſo long a hunting after.

Fred. Why do ye hope ſo?

Jo. Why? becauſe firſt ſhe is no Maid, and next becauſe ſhe's handſom; there are two Reaſons for you: Now do you find out a third, a better if you can. For take this, *Frederick*, for a certain Rule, ſince ſhe loves the ſport, ſhe'll never give it over. And therefore (if we have good luck) in time may fall to our ſhares.

Fred. Very pretty Reaſons indeed. But I thought you had known ſome particular that made you conclude this to be the Woman.

Jo. Yes, I know her name is *Conſtantia*.

Fred. That now is ſomething; but I cannot believe her diſhoneſt for all this: She has not one looſe thought about her.

Jo. It's no matter, ſhe's looſe i' th' Hilts by Heaven. There has been ſtirring, fumbling with Linen, *Frederick*. *Fred.*

Fred. There may be such a slip.

Jo. And will be, *Frederick*, whilst the old Game's afoot: I fear the Boy too will prove hers I took up.

Fred. Good circumstances may cure all this yet:

Jo. There thou hit'st it, *Frederick*, come let's walk in, and comfort her; that she is here is nothing yet suspected. Anon I shall tell thee why her Brother came, (who by this light is a noble Fellow) and what honour he has done to me, a Stranger, in calling me to serve him. There be Irons hearing for some on my word, *Frederick*. [*Exeunt*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Landlady *and* Anthony.

Land. COme, Sir, who is it keeps your Master Company?

Anth. I say to you, *Don John*.

Land. I say what Woman?

Anth. I say so too.

Land. I say again I will know.

Anth. I say 'tis fit you should.

Land. And I tell thee he has a Woman here.

Anth. I tell thee 'tis then the better for him.

Land. Was ever Gentlewoman
So frumpt of with a Fool? Well, sawcy Sirrah,
I will know who it is, and to what purpose;
I pay the Rent, and I will know how my House
Comes by these inflammations: If this geer hold;
Best hang a Sign-post up, to tell the *Signiors*,
Here ye may have Lewdness at Livery.

Enter Frederick.

Anth. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

Fred. How Now?
Why what's the matter Landlady?

Land. What's the matter?
Ye use me decently among ye, Gentlemen.

Fred. Who has abus'd her, you, Sir?

Land. Od's my witness
I will not be thus treated, that I will not.

Anth. I gave her no ill Language.

Land. Thou lyest lewdly.
Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,
As I had been a Mawkin, a flirt Gillian;

And thou think'ſt, becauſe thou canſt write and read,
Our Noſes muſt be under thee.
Fred. Dare you, Sirrah?
Anth. Let but the Truth be known, Sir, I beſeech ye,
She raves of Wenches, and I know not what, Sir.
Land. Go to, thou know'ſt too well, thou wicked Varlet,
Thou inſtrument of Evil.
Anth. As I live, Sir, ſhe's ever thus till Dinner.
Fred. Get ye in, I'll anſwer you anon, Sir. [*Exit* Anthony.
Now your grief, what is't? For I can gueſs——
Land. Ye may, with ſhame enough,
If there were ſhame amongſt ye; nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuſe my Houſe: Not ſatisfied
With bringing home your Baſtards to undo me,
But you muſt drill your Whores here too; my patience
Becauſe I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they ſay (am willing to groan under)
Muſt be your make-ſport now.
Fred. No more of theſe words.
Nor no more murmurings Lady; for you know
That I know ſomething. I did ſuſpect your anger,
But turn it preſently and handſomly,
And bear your ſelf diſcreetly to this Woman,
For ſuch a one there is indeed.
Land. 'Tis well, Son.
Fred. Leave off your Devil's Matins, and your Melancholies,
Or we ſhall leave our Lodgings.
Land. You have much need
To uſe theſe vagrant ways, and to much profit;
Ye had that might content
(At home within your ſelves too) right good, Gentlemen,
Wholſom, and ye ſaid handſom. But you Gallants,
Beaſt that I was to believe ye——
Fred. Leave your ſuſpicion:
For as I live there's no ſuch thing.
Land. Mine honour;
And 'twere not for mine honour.
Fred. Come, your honour,
Your Houſe, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough: Sleek up your ſelf, leave crying,
For I muſt have ye entertain this Lady
With all civility, ſhe well deſerves it
Together with all ſervice: I dare truſt ye,
For I have found ye faithful: When you know her
You will find your own fault; no more words, but do it.
Land. You know you may command me.

Enter

Enter Don John.

Jo. Worſhipful Lady,
How does thy Velvet Scabbard? by this Hand
Thou lookeſt moſt amiably: Now could I willingly
(And 'twere not for abuſing thy *Geneva* print there,)
Venture my Body with thee.——————
Land. You'll leave this ropery,
When ye come to my years.
Jo. By this Light,
Thou art not above Fifteen yet, a meer Girl,
Thou haſt not half thy Teeth——————
Fre. Prethee *John*
Let her alone, ſhe has been vext already:
She'll grow ſtark mad, Man.
Jo. I wou'd fain ſee her mad,
An old mad Woman——————
Fre. Prethee be patient.
Jo. Is like a Millers Mare, troubled wi'th' Tooth ach.
She makes the rareſt Faces.
Fre. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this Fellow.

Exit Landlady, and comes back again preſently.

Jo. What, agen!
Nay, then it is decreed: Though Hills were ſet on Hills,
And Seas mets Seas, to guard thee, I would through.
Land. Od's my witneſs, if ye ruffle me, I'll ſpoil your ſweet Face for you, that I will: Go, go to the door, there's a Gentleman there would ſpeak with ye.
Jo. Upon my Life *Petruchio*; good dear Landlady carry him into the Dining-Room, and I'll wait upon him preſently,
Land. Well *Don John*, the time will come that
I ſhall be even with you. [*Exit.*
Jo. I muſt be gone: Yet if my Project hold,
You ſhall not ſtay behind: I'll rather truſt
A Cat with ſweet Milk, *Frederick*, by her Face.

Enter Conſtantia.

I feel her fears are working.
Con. Is there no way,
I do beſeech ye, think yet, to divert
This certain danger?
Fre. 'tis impoſſible:
Their Honours are engag'd.

Con.

Con. Then there must be murder,
Which, Gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,
Than make one in't: you may, if you please, Sir,
Make all go less.
Jo. Lady, were't mine own cause,
I could dispence: but loaden with my Friends trust,
I must go on though general Massacres.
As much I fear——
Con. Do ye hear, Sir; for Heavens sake
Let me request one Favour of you.
Fre. Yes, any thing.
Con. This Gentleman I find is too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the Cause: as ever
You did a virtuous Deed, for Honour's sake
Go with him and allay him: your fair Temper,
A noble Disposition, like wish'd Showers,
May quench those eating Fires, that would spoil all else.
I see in him destruction.
I will do it.
Fre. And 'tis a wise Consideration,
To me a bounteous Favour: Hark ye *John*,
I will go with ye.
Jo. No.
Fre. Indeed I will,
Ye go upon a hazard; no denial;
For as I live I'll go.
Jo. Then make ye ready,
For I am strait a Horseback.
Fre. My Sword on, and
I am as ready as you: What my best Labour,
With all the Art I have can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect a fair end: the old Gentlewoman
Shall wait upon ye, she is discreet and secret,
Ye may trust her in all Points.
Con. Ye are noble;
And so I take my leave.
Jo. I hope, Lady, a happy issue for all this.
Const. All Heavens care upon ye, and my Prayers.
Jo. So,
Now my Mind's at rest.
Fred. Away, 'tis late, *John*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Antonio, Surgeon, *and a* Gentleman.

Gent. What Symptoms do ye find in him?
Sur. None, Sir, dangerous, if he'd be rul'd:
Gent. Why! What does he do?

Sur. Nothing

Sur. Nothing that he ſhould. Firſt, he will let no Liquor down but Wine, and then he has a fancy that he muſt be dreſt always to the Tune of *John Dory*.

Gent. How? To the Tune of *John Dory*?

Sur. Why? he will have Fidlers, and make them play and ſing it to him all the while.

Gent. An odd Fancy indeed.

Ant. Give me ſome Wine.

Sur. I told you ſo———'Tis Death, Sir.

Ant. 'Tis a Horſe, Sir. Doſt think I ſhall recover with the help of Barley-water only?

Gent. Fie, *Antonio*, you muſt be govern'd.

An. Why, Sir? he feeds me with nothing but rotten Roots, and drown'd Chickens, ſtew'd *Pericraniums* and *Pia maters*, and when I go to Bed, (by Heaven 'tis true, Sir) he rowls me up in Lints with Labels at 'em, that I am juſt the Man i'th' Almanack, my Head and Face is *Aries* Place.

Sur. Will't pleaſe ye to let your Friends ſee you open'd?

Ant. Will't pleaſe you, Sir, to give me a Brimmer? I feel my Body open enough for that. Give it me, or I'll die upon thy Hand, and ſpoil thy Cuſtom.

Sur. How, a Brimmer?

Ant. Why look ye, Sir, thus I am us'd ſtill; I can get nothing that I want. In how long time canſt thou cure me?

Sur. In Forty days.

Ant. I'll have a Dog ſhall lick me whole in Twenty. In how long canſt thou kill me?

Sur. Preſently.

Ant. Do't, that's the ſhorter, and there's more delight in't.

Gent. You muſt have patience.

An. Man I muſt have buſineſs; this fooliſh Fellow hinders himſelf; I have a dozen Raſcals to hurt within theſe five days. Good Man-mender ſtop me up with Parſely like ſtuff'd Beef, and let me walk abroad.

Sur. Ye ſhall walk ſhortly.

Ant. I will walk preſently, Sir, and leave your Salads there, your green Salves and your Oyls, I'll to my old Dyet again, ſtrong Food, and rich Wine, and try what that will do.

Sur. Well, go thy ways, thou art the maddeſt old Fellow I e'er yet met with. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Conſtantia *and* Landlady.

Conſt. I have told ye all I can, and more than yet
Thoſe Gentlemen know of me; but are they
Such ſtrange Creatures, ſay you?

Land. There's the younger,
Don John, the errant'ſt *Jack* in all this City:

The

The other, time has blasted, yet he will stoop,
If not o'er flown, and freely on the Quarry;
H'as been a Dragon in his days. But *Tarmont*,
Don Jenkin is the Devil himself, the Dog-days,
The most incomprehensible Whoremaster,
Twenty a night is nothing; the Truth is,
Whose Chastity, he chops upon, he cares not.
He flies at all; Bastards upon my Conscience,
He has now in making multitudes: The last night
He brought home one; I pity her that bore it,
But we are all weak Vessels. Some rich Woman
(For wise I dare not call her,) was the Mother,
For it was hung with Jewels; the bearing Cloth
No less than Crimson Velvet.

Const. How?

Land. 'Tis true, Lady.

Const. Was it a Boy too?

Land. A brave Boy; deliberation
And judgment shew'd in's getting, as I'll say for him,
He's as well pac'd for that sport——

Const. May I see it?
For there is a Neighbour of mine, a Gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly,
I would know further of; now if you please
To be so courteous to me.

Land. Ye shall see it:
But what do ye think of these Men now ye know 'em?
Be wise,
Ye may repent too late else; I but tell ye
For your own good, and as you will find it, Lady.

Const. I am advis'd.

Land. No more words then; do that,
And instantly, I told ye of, be ready.
Don John, I'll fit ye for your frumps.

Const. I shall be:
But shall I see this Child?

Land. Within this half hour.
Let's in, and there think better. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Petruchio, Don John, Frederick.

Jo. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a Gentleman.
(If I that so much love him, may commend him)
That's full of Honour; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us (for which fear I brought him)
Will not fly back for Filips.

Petr. Ye

Petr. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine,
Fred. Stay, what Troop
Is that below i'th' Valley there?
Jo. Hawking I take it.
Petr. They are so; 'tis the Duke, 'tis even he, Gentlemen,
Sirrah, draw back the Horses till we call ye,
I know him by his Company.
Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.
Petr. So he does.
Jo. Stand you still,
Within that covert, till I call: He comes
Forward; here will I wait him: To your Places.
Petr. I need no more instruct ye.
Jo. Fear me not. [*Exeunt* Petruchio *and* Frederick.

Enter Duke *and his Faction.*

Duke. Feed the Hawks up,
We'll fly no more to day: O my blest Fortune!
Have I so fairly met the Man?
Jo. Ye have, Sir,
And him ye know by this.
Duke. Sir, all the honour,
And love———
Jo. I do beseech your Grace stay there, and
Dismiss your Train a little.
Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing I command ye: Now, Sir,
Be plain.
Jo. I will, and short;
Ye have wrong'd a Gentleman, beyond all Justice,
Beyond the Mediation of all Friends.
Duke. The Man, and manner of wrong?
Jo. Petruchio;
The wrong, ye have dishonour'd his Sister.
Duke. Now stay you, Sir,
And hear me a little: This Gentleman's
Sister that you nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd,
As true I have enjoy'd her: No less truth
I have a Child by her. But that she, or he,
Or any of that Family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruine, by my pleasures,
I wear a Sword to satisfie the World no,
And him in this Cause when he pleases; for know, Sir,
She is my Wife, contracted before Heaven,

(A Witneſs I owe more tie to, than her Brother)
Nor will I fly from that Name, which long ſince
Had had the Churches approbation,
But for his Jealous Nature.
Jo. Your pardon, Sir; I am fully ſatisfied.
Duke. Dear Sir, I knew I ſhould convert ye; had we
But that rough Man here now too———
Jo. And ye ſhall, Sir.
What hoa, hoa.
Duke. I hope ye have laid no Ambuſh?

Enter Petruchio.

Jo. Only Friends.
Duke. My noble Brother welcome:
Come put your anger off, we'll have no fighting,
Unleſs you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that Name.
Petr. Do you ſpeak this heartily?
Duke. Upon my Soul, and truly; the firſt Prieſt
Shall put you out of theſe doubts.
Petr. Now I love ye,
And I beſeech ye pardon my ſuſpicions,
You are now more than a Brother, a brave Friend too.
Jo. The good Man's overjoy'd.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now, how goes it?
Jo. Why, the Man has his Mare again, and all's well;
The *Duke* profeſſes freely he's her Husband.
Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.
Jo. Yes, for modeſt Gentlemen, I muſt preſent ye:
May it pleaſe your Grace
To number this brave Gentleman, my Friend,
And noble Kinſman, amongſt the reſt of your Servants.
Duke. O my brave Friend: You ſhower your Bounties on me
Amongſt my beſt thoughts, *Signior*, in which number
You being worthily diſpos'd already,
May freely place your Friend.
Fred. Your Grace does me a great deal of honour.
Petr. Why this is wondrous happy: But now, Brother,
Now comes the bitter to our ſweet: *Conſtantia.*
Duke. Why, what of her?
Petr. Nor what, nor where do I know:
Wing'd with her fears, laſt night, beyond my knowledge,
She quit my Houſe, but whither———
Fred. Let not that———

Duke.

Duke. No more, good Sir, I have heard too much.
Petr. Nay, think not,
She cannot be ſo loſt.
Jo. Nor ſhall not, Gentlemen;
Be free again, the Lady's found; that ſmile, Sir,
Shows you diſtruſt your Servant.
Duke. I do beſeech ye.
Jo. Ye ſhall believe me, by my Soul ſhe's ſafe.
Duke. Heaven knows I would believe, Sir.
Fred. Ye may ſafely.
Jo. And under noble uſage: this Gentleman
Met her in all her Doubts laſt night, and to his Guard
(Her fears being ſtrong upon her) ſhe gave her Perſon,
Who waited on her, to our Lodging; where all reſpect,
Civil, and honeſt Service, now attend her.
Petr. Ye may believe now.
Duke. Yes I do, and ſtrongly;
Well, my good Friends, or rather my good Angels,
For ye have both preſerv'd me; when theſe Virtues
Die in your Friends remembrance———
Jo. Good your Grace
Loſe no more time in Complements, 'tis too precious,
I know it by my ſelf, there can be no Hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes.
Petr. He has hit it.
Fred. To Horſe again then, for this night I'll crown
With all the Joys ye wiſh for.
Petr. Happy Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Franciſco, *and a Man.*

Fran. This is the maddeſt miſchief, never Fool was ſo fub'd off as I am, made ridiculous, and to my ſelf, to my own Aſs; truſt a Womon, I'll truſt the Devil firſt, for he dares be better than his word ſometimes. Pray tell me, in what obſervance have I e'er fail'd her?
Man. Nay, you can tell that beſt your ſelf.
Fran. Let me conſider.

Enter Don Frederick *and* Don John.

Fred. Let them talk, we'll go on before.
Fran. Where did'ſt thou meet *Conſtantia*, and this Woman?
Fred. *Conſtantia*! What are theſe Fellows? Stay by all means.
Man. Why Sir, I met her in the great Street that comes from the Market-place, juſt at the turning by a Gold-ſmith's Shop.
Fred. Stand ſtill, *John.*
Fran. Well, *Conſtantia* has ſpun her ſelf a fair Thred now: What will her beſt Friend think of this?

Fred. John, I ſmell ſome jugling, *John*.

Jo. Yes, *Frederick*, I fear it will be proved ſo.

Fran. But what ſhould the reaſon be doſt think of this ſo ſudden change in her?

Fred. 'Tis ſhe.

Man. Why, truly I ſuſpect ſhe has been entic'd to it by a Stranger.

Jo. Did you mark that, *Frederick*?

Fran. Stranger? who?

Man. A young Gentleman that's newly come to Town.

Fred. Mark that too.

Jo. Yes, Sir.

Fran. Why do you think ſo?

Man. I heard her grave Conductreſs twattle ſomething as they went along, that makes me gueſs it.

Jo. 'Tis ſhe, *Frederick*.

Fred. But who that he is, *John*.

Fran. I do not doubt to bolt 'em out, for they muſt certainly be about the Town. Ha! no more words? come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Fred. Well. [Fran. *and* Man.

Jo. Very well.

Fred. Diſcreetly.

Jo. Finely carri'd.

Fred. Ye have no more of theſe Tricks?

Jo. Ten to one, Sir, I ſhall meet with 'em if ye have.

Fred. Is this fair?

Jo. Was it in you a Friend's part to deal double? I am no Aſs, *Don Frederick*.

Fred. And, *Don John*, it ſhall appear I am no Fool: Diſgrace me to make your ſelf thus every Woman's courteſie, 'tis boyiſh, 'tis baſe.

Jo. 'Tis falſe: I privy to this Dog-trick? Clear your ſelf, for I know well enough where the Wind ſits, or as I have a Life. [*Trample within.*

Fred. No more, they are coming, ſhew no diſcontent, let's quietly away; If ſhe be at home, our Jealouſies are over; if not, you and I muſt have a farther parly, *John*.

Jo. Yes, *Don Frederick*, ye may be ſure we ſhall: But where are theſe Fellows? Pox on't, we have loſt them too in our Spleens, like Fools.

Enter Duke *and* Petruchio.

Duke. Come, Gentlemen, let's go a little faſter;
Suppoſe you have all Miſtreſſes, and mend
Your pace accordingly.

Jo. Sir, I ſhould be as glad of a Miſtreſs as another Man.

Fred. Yes, o' my Conſcience would'ſt thou, and of any other man's Miſtreſs too; that I'll anſwer for. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

SCENE V. *Enter* Antonio *and his* Man.

Ant. With all my Gold?

Man. The Trunk broken open, and all gone.

Ant. And the Mother in the Plot?

Man. And the Mother and all.

An. And the Devil and all: the mighty Pox go with 'em: belike they thought I was no more of this World, and thoſe trifles would but diſturb my Conſcience.

Man. Sure they thought, Sir, you wou'd not live to diſturb them.

Ant. Well, my ſweet Miſtreſs, I'll try how handſomly your Ladiſhip can hang upon a pair of Gallows, there's your Maſterpiece. No imagination where they ſhould be?

Man. None Sir: yet we have ſearch'd all places we ſuſpected; I believe they have taken towards the Port.

Ant. Get me then a Water-Conjurer, one that can raiſe Water-Devils, I'll port 'em, play at Duck and Drake with my Money? Get me a Conjurer, I ſay, enquire out a Man that lets out Devils.

Man. I don't know where.

Ant. In every Street *Tom Fool*, any blear-ey'd People with red Heads, and flat Noſes can perform it. Thou ſhalt know 'em by their half Gowns, and no Breeches. Find me out a Conjurer, I ſay, and learn his price, how he will let his Devils out by the day. I'll have 'em again if they be above Ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, *and* John.

Petr. Your Grace is welcome now to *Naples*; ſo ye are all, Gentlemen.

Jo. Don Frederick, will you ſtep in, and give the Lady notice who comes to viſit her?

Petr. Bid her make haſte, we come to ſee no curious Wench, a Night-Gown will ſerve turn. Here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what you ſay, Sir, [*Exit.*

Petr. Now will the ſport be to obſerve her alterations how betwixt fear and joy ſhe will behave her ſelf.

Duke. Dear Brother, I muſt entreat you———

Petr. I conceive your Mind, Sir, I will not chide her.

Enter Frederick *and* Petruchio.

Jo. How now?

Fred. You may, Sir: not to abuſe your patience longer, not hold ye off with tedious circumſtance; for ye muſt know———

Petr. What?

Duke. Whare is ſhe?

Fred.

Fred. Gone, Sir.

Duke. How?

Petr. What did you ſay Sir?

Fred. Gone: by Heaven remov'd. The Woman of the Houſe too.

Petr. What, that reverend old Woman that tir'd me with Complements?

Fred. The very ſame.

Jo. Well, *Don Frederick.*

Fred. Don John, it is not well. But———

Petr. Gone?

Fred. This Fellow can ſatisfie I lye not.

Petr. A little after my Maſter was departed, Sir, with this Gentleman, my Fellow and my ſelf being ſent on buſineſs, as we muſt think on purpoſe.

Petr. Hang theſe Circumſtances, they always ſerve to uſher in ill ends.

Jo. Now could I eat that Rogue, I am ſo angry. Gone?

Petr. Gone?

Fred. Directly gone, fled, ſhifted: what would you ha' me ſay?

Duke. Well, Gentlemen, wrong not my good opinion.

Fred. For your Dukedom, Sir, I would not be a Knave.

Jo. He that is, a Rot run in his Blood.

Petr. But hark ye, Gentlemen, are ye ſure ye had her here? Did ye not dream this?

Jo. Have you your Noſe, Sir?

Petr. Yes, Sir.

Jo. Then we had her.

Petr. Since ye are ſo ſhort, believe your having her ſhall ſuffer more conſtruction.

Jo. Well, Sir, let it ſuffer.

Fred. How to convince ye, Sir, I can't imagine, but my Life ſhall juſtifie my innocence, or fall with it.

Duke. Thus then———for we may be all abus'd.

Petr. 'Tis poſſible.

Duke. Here let's part until to morrow this time; we to our way to clear this Doubt, and you to yours. Pawning our Honours then to meet again? when if ſhe be not found———

Fred. We ſtand engag'd to anſwer any worthy way we are call'd to.

Duke. We ask no more.

Petr. To morrow certain.

Jo. If we out-live this night, Sir. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Petr.

Fred. Come, *Don John*, we have ſomewhat now to do.

Jo. I am ſure I would have.

Fred. If ſhe be not found, we muſt fight.

Jo. I am glad on't, I have not fought a great while.

Fre. If we die———

Jo. There's ſo much Money ſav'd in Lechery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter 2. Conſtantia *and her Mother.*

Mo. HOld, *Cons*, hold, for goodneſs hold, I am in that deſertion of Spirit for want of Breath, that I am almoſt reduc'd to the neceſſity of not being able to defend my ſelf, againſt the inconvenience of a fall.

2. *Conſt.* Dear Mother, let us go a little faſter to ſecure our ſelves from *Antonio*; for my part I am in that terrible fright, that I can neither think, ſpeak, nor ſtand ſtill, till we are ſafe a Ship-board, and out of ſight of the Shore.

Mo. Out of ſight o' the Shore? Why, do ye think I'll depatriate?

2. *Conſt.* Depatriate? what's that?

Mo. Why, ye Fool you, leave my Country. What will you never learn to ſpeak out of the vulgar road?

2. *Conſt.* O Lord, this hard word will undo us.

Mo. As I am a Chriſtian, if it were to ſave my Honour (which is Ten thouſand times dearer to me than my Life) I would not be guilty of ſo odious a thought.

2 *Con.* Pray, Mother, ſince your Honour is ſo dear to ye, conſider that if we are taken, both it and we are loſt for ever.

Mo. Ay Girl, but what will the World ſay, if they ſhould hear ſo odious a thing of us, as that we ſhould depatriate?

2. *Con.* Ay, there's it, the World; why, Mother, the World does not care a Pin if both you and I were hang'd; and that we ſhall be certainly, if *Antonio* takes us, for running away with his Gold.

Mo. Proteſt I care not, I'll ne'er depart from the demarches of a Perſon of Quality; and let come what will, I ſhall rather chooſe to ſubmit my ſelf to my fate, than ſtrive to prevent it by any deportment that is not congruous in every degree, to the ſteps and meaſures of a ſtrict practitioner of Honour.

2. *Con.* Would not this make one ſtark mad? Her ſtile is not more out of the way, than her manner of reaſoning; ſhe firſt ſells me to an ugly old Fellow, then ſhe runs away with me and all his Gold, and now like a ſtrict Practitioner of Honour, reſolves to be taken, rather than depatriate as ſhe calls it.

Mo. As I am a Chriſtian, *Cons*, a Tavern, and a very decent Sign; I'll in I am reſolv'd, though by it I ſhould run a Riſco of never ſo ſtupendious a Nature.

2. *Con.* There's no ſtopping her: What ſhall I do?

Mo. I'll ſend for my Kini-Woman and ſome Muſick, to revive me a little; for really, *Cons*, I am reduc'd to that ſad imbecillity by the injury I have done my poor Feet, that I'm in a greater incertitude whether they will have livelineſs ſufficient to ſupport me up to the

top of the Stairs or no. [*Exit.*

2. *Con.* This ſinning without pleaſure I cannot endure; to have always a remoſe, and ne'er do any thing that ſhould cauſe it, is intolerable. If I lov'd Money too, which (I think) I don't, my Mother ſhe has all that; I have nothing to comfort my ſelf with but *Antonio*'s ſtiff Beard, and that alone, for a Woman of my years, is but a ſorry kind of entertainment. I wonder why theſe old fumbling Fellows ſhould trouble themſelves ſo much, only to trouble us more. They can do nothing, but put us in mind of our Graves. Well, I'll no more on't; for to be frighted with Death and Damnation both at once is a little too hard. I do here vow I'll live for ever Chaſt, or find out ſome handſom young Fellow I can love; I think that's the better;

[*Mother looks out at the Window.*

Mo. Come up, *Cons*, the Fiddles are here.

2. *Con.* I come——— [*Mother goes from the Window.*

I muſt be gone, tho' whither I cannot tell; theſe Fiddles, and her diſcreet Companions will quickly make an end of all ſhe has ſtolen, and then 500 New Pieces ſells me to another old Fellow. She has taken care not to leave me a Farthing; yet I am ſo, better than under her conduct: 'twill be at worſt but begging for my Life;

And ſtarving were to me an eaſier Fate } *Goes up to her.*
Than to be forc'd to live with one I hate. } *Mother.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Don John.

Jo. It will not out of my head, but that *Don Frederick* has ſent away this Wench, for all he carries it ſo gravely: yet methinks he ſhould be honeſter than ſo; but theſe grave Men are never touch'd upon ſuch occaſions: Mark it when ye will, and you'll find a grave Man, eſpecially if he pretend to be a preciſe Man, will do ye forty things without remorſe, that would ſtartle one of us mad Fellows to think of. Becauſe they are familiar with Heaven in their Prayers, they think they may be hold with it in any thing: now we that are not ſo well acquainted, bear greater Reverence. [*Muſick plays above.*] What's here, Muſick and Women? would I had one of 'em.

[*One of 'em looks out at the Window.*

That's a Whore; I know it by her ſmile. O my conſcience take a Woman masked and hooded, nay, covered all o'er, ſo that ye cannot ſee one bit of her, and at 12 ſcore diſtance, if ſhe be a Whore, as ten to one ſhe is, I ſhall know it certainly; I have an inſtinct within me never fails. [*Another looks out.*

Ah Rogue! ſhe's right too I'm ſure on't.

Mo. above. Come, come let's dance in t'other Room, 'tis a great deal better.

Jo. Say you ſo? what now if I ſhould go up and dance too? It is a Tavern, Pox o' this buſineſs: I'll in I am reſolv'd, and try my own Fortune; 'tis hard luck if I don't get one of 'em.

As

As he goes to the door 2 Conſtantia *Enters.*

See here's one bolted already: Fair Lady, whither ſo faſt?

2. *Con.* I don't know, Sir.

Jo. May I have the Honour to wait upon you?

2. *Con.* Yes, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Jo. Whither?

2. *Con.* I tell ye I don't know.

Jo. She's very quick. Would I might be ſo happy as to know you, Lady.

2. *Conſt.* I dare not let you ſee my Face, Sir.

Jo. Why?

2. *Conſt.* For fear you ſhould not like it, and then leave me; for to tell you true, I have at this preſent very great need of you.

Jo. If thou haſt half ſo much need of me, as I have of thee, Lady, I'll be content to be hang'd though.

2. *Conſt.* It's a proper handſom Fellow this: if he'd but love me now, I would never ſeek out further. Sir, I am young, and unexperienced in the World.

Jo. Nay, if thou art young, it's no great matter what thy Face is.

2 *Conſt.* Perhaps this freedom in me may ſeem ſtrange; but, Sir, in ſhort, I'm forc'd to fly from one I hate: if I ſhould meet him, will you here promiſe he ſhall not take me from you?

Jo. Yes, that I will, before I ſee your Face, your ſhape has charm'd me enough for that already; if any one takes ye from me, Lady, I'll give him leave to take from me too—— (I was a going to name 'em) certain things of mine, that I would not loſe, now I have you in my Arms, for all the Gems in Chriſtendom.

2 *Conſt.* For Heaven's ſake then conduct me to ſome Place where I may be ſecured a while from the ſight of any one whatſoever.

Jo. By all the hopes I have to find thy Face as lovely as thy ſhape, I will.

2 *Conſt.* Well, Sir, I believe ye, for you have an honeſt look.

Jo. 'Slid I am afraid, *Don Frederick*, has been giving her a character of me too. Come, pray unmaſque.

2 *Conſt.* Then turn away your Face; for I'm reſolv'd you ſhall not ſee a bit of mine till I have ſet it in order, and then——

Jo. What?

2 *Conſt.* I'll ſtrike you dead.

Jo. A mettled Whore, I warrant her; come if ſhe be now young, and have but a Noſe on her Face, ſhe'll be as good as her word: I'm e'en panting for Breath already.

2 *Conſt.* Now ſtand your Ground if you dare.

Jo. By this Light a rare Creature! Ten thouſand times handſomer than her we ſeek for! this can be ſure no common one: Pray Heaven ſhe be a Whore.

2 *Conſt.* Well, Sir, what ſay ye now?

Jo. Nothing; I'm ſo amaz'd I am not able to ſpeak. I'd beſt fall to preſently, though it be in the Street, for fear of loſing time. Prethee, my dear ſweet Creature, go with me into that corner, that thou and I may talk a little in private.

2 *Conſt.* No, Sir, no private dealing, I beſeech you.

Jo. 'S Heart, What ſhall I do? I'm out of my wits for her. Hark ye, my dear Soul, canſt thou love me?

2 *Conſt.* If I could, what then?

Jo. Why, you know what then, and then ſhould I be the happieſt Man alive.

2 *Conſt.* I, ſo you all ſay till you have your deſires, and then you leave us.

Jo. But, my dear Heart, I am not made like other Men; I never can love heartily till I have———

2 *Conſt.* Got their Maidenheads; but ſuppoſe now I ſhould be no Maid.

Jo. Prethee ſuppoſe me nothing, but let me try.

2 *Conſt.* Nay, good Sir, hold.

Jo. No Maid? why, ſo much the better, thou art then the more experienc'd; for my part I hate a bungler at any thing.

2 *Conſt.* O dear, I like this Fellow ſtrangely: hark ye, Sir, I am not worth a Groat, but though you ſhould not be ſo neither, if you'll but love me, I'll follow ye all the World over; I'll work for ye, beg for you, do any thing for ye, ſo you'll promiſe to do nothing with any body elſe.

Jo. O Heavens, I'm in another World, this Wench ſure was made a purpoſe for me, ſhe is ſo juſt of my humour. My dear, 'tis impoſſible for me to ſay how much I will do for thee, or with thee, thou ſweet bewitching Woman; but let's make haſte home, or I ſhall never be able to hold out till I come thither. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Frederick *and* Franciſco.

Fred. And art thou ſure it was *Conſtantia*, ſay'ſt thou that he was leading?

Fran. Am I ſure I live, Sir? why, I dwelt in the Houſe with her; how can I chuſe but know her?

Fred. But did'ſt thou ſee her Face?

Fran. Lord, Sir, I ſaw her Face as plainly as I ſee yours juſt now, not too Streets off.

Fred. Yes, 'tis e'en ſo: I ſuſpected it at firſt, but then he forſwore it with that confidence——Well, *Don John*, if theſe be your practices, you ſhall have no more a Friend of me, Sir, I aſſure you. Perhaps though he met her by chance, and intends to carry her to her Brother, and the Duke.

Enter Don John, *and Second* Conſtantia.

A little time will ſhew.——Gods ſo, here he is;
I'll ſtep behind this Shop, and obſerve what he ſays.

Jo. Here, now go in, and make me for ever happy.

Fred. Dear *Don John.*

Jo. A pox o' your kindneſs, how the Devil comes he here juſt at this time? Now will he ask me forty fooliſh Queſtions, and I have ſuch a mind to this Wench, that I cannot think of one excuſe for my life.

Fred. Your Servant, Sir: pray who's that you lock'd in juſt now at the Door?

Jo. Why, a Friend of mine that's gone up to read a Book.

Fred. A Book? that's a queint one i' faith: prethee, *Don John*, what Library haſt thou been buying this Afternoon? for i' th' Morning to my knowledge thou had'ſt never a Book there, except it were an Almanack, and that was none of thy own neither.

Jo. No, no, it's a Book of his own, he brought along with him. A Scholar that is given to reading.

Fred. And do Scholars (*Don John*) wear Petticoats now adays?

Jo. Plague on him, he has ſeen her.——Well *Don Frederick*, thou know'ſt I am not good at lying; 'tis a Woman, I confeſs it, make your beſt on't, what then?

Fred. Why then, *Don John*, I deſire you'll be pleas'd to let me ſee her.

Jo. Why, faith, *Frederick*, I ſhould not be againſt the thing, but ye know a Man muſt keep his word, and ſhe has a mind to be private.

Fred. But, *John*, you may remember when I met a Lady ſo before, this very ſelf ſame Lady too, that I got leave for you to ſee her *John.*

Jo. Why, do ye think then that this here is *Conſtantia*?

Fred. I cannot properly ſay I think it, *John*, becauſe I know it; this Fellow here ſaw her as you led her i' th' Streets.

Jo. Well, and what then? who does he ſay it is?

Fred. Ask him, Sir, and he'll tell ye.

Jo. Sweet heart, doſt thou know this Lady?

Fran. I think I ſhould, Sir, I ha' liv'd long enough in the Houſe with her to know her ſure.

Jo. And how do they call her prethee?

Fran. Conſtantia.

Jo. How! *Conſtantia?*

Fran. Yes, Sir, the Woman's name is *Conſtantia*; that's flat.

Jo. Is it ſo, Sir? and ſo is this too. [*Strikes him.*

Fran. Oh, Oh. [*Runs out.*

Jo. Now, Sirrah, you may ſafely ſay you have not born falſe witneſs for nothing.

Fred. Fie, *Don John*, Why do you beat the poor Fellow for doing his Duty, and telling Truth?

Jo. Telling Truth? thou talk'ſt as if thou hadſt been hir'd to bear falſe Witneſs too: Ye are a very fine Gentleman.

Fred. What a ſtrange confidence he has? But is there no ſhame in thee? nor no conſideration of what is juſt or honeſt, to keep a Woman thus againſt her will, that thou know'ſt is in love with another Man too; do'ſt think a Judgment will not follow this?

Jo. Good dear *Frederick*, do thou keep thy Sentences and thy Morals for ſome better opportunity, this here is not a fit Subject for 'em: I tell thee ſhe is no more *Conſtantia* than thou art.

Fred. Why won't you let me ſee her then?

Jo. Becauſe I can't: beſides ſhe is not for thy turn.

Fred. How ſo?

Jo. Why, thy *Genius* lies another way; thou art for Flames, and Darts, and thoſe fine things; now I am for the old plain down-right way; I am not ſo curious, *Frederick*, as thou art.

Fred. Very well, Sir; but is this worthy in you, to endeavour to debauch———.

Jo. But is there no ſhame? but is this worthy; what a many Buts are here? If I ſhould tell thee now ſolemnly thou haſt but one Eye, and give thee reaſons for it, would'ſt thou believe me?

Fred. I think hardly, Sir, againſt my own knowledge.

Jo. Then why doſt thou, with that grave Face, go about to perſwade me againſt mine? You ſhould do as you would be done by, *Frederick*.

Fred. And ſo I will, Sir, in this very Particular, ſince there's no other remedy; I ſhall do that for the *Duke* and *Petruchio*, which I ſhould expect from them upon the like occaſion: in ſhort, to let you ſee I am as ſenſible of my honour, as you can be careleſs of yours; I muſt tell ye, Sir, that I'm reſolv'd to wait upon this Lady to them.

Jo. Are ye ſo, Sir? Why, I muſt then, ſweet Sir, tell you again, I am reſolved you ſhan't. Ne'er ſtare, nor wonder, I have promis'd to preſerve her from the ſight of any one whatſoever, and with the hazard of my Life will make it good; but that you may not think I mean an injury to *Petruchio*, or the *Duke*, know, I *Don Frederick*, that though I love a Wench perhaps a little better, I hate to do a thing that's baſe, as much as you do. Once more upon my honour this is not *Conſtantia*; let that ſatisfie you.

Fred. All that will not do—— [*Goes to the Door.*

Jo. No? why then this ſhall. (*Draws*) Come not one ſtep nearer, for if thou do'ſt, by Heaven it is thy laſt.

Fred. This is an inſolence beyond the temper of a Man to ſuffer;—thus I throw off thy friendſhip, and ſince thy folly has provok'd my patience beyond its natural bounds, know it is not in thy power now to ſave thy ſelf.

Jo. That's to be try'd, Sir, tho' by your favour. [*Looks up to the window.* Miſtreſs what you call 'em,—prethee look out now a little, and

ſee

ſee how I'll fight for thee.

Fred. Come, Sir, are you ready?

Jo. O Lord, Sir, your Servant. [*Fight.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Duke, *and* Petruchio.

Petr. What's here, fighting? let's part 'em: How? *Don Frederick* againſt *Don John*? How came you to fall out, Gentlemen? What's the Cauſe?

Fred. Why, Sir, it is your quarrel, and not mine, that drew this on me: I ſaw him lock *Conſtantia* up into that Houſe, and I deſir'd to wait upon her to you; that's the Cauſe.

Duke. O, it may be he deſign'd to lay the Obligation upon us himſelf, Sir, we are beholden to you for this favour, beyond all poſſibility of—

Jo. Pray, Sir, do not throw away your thanks before you know whether I have deſerv'd 'em or no. O, is that your deſign? Sir you muſt not go in there. [Petruchio's *going to the Door.*

Petr. How, Sir, not go in?

Jo. No, Sir, moſt certainly not go in.

Petr. She's my Siſter, and I will ſpeak with her.

Jo. If ſhe were your Mother, Sir, you ſhould not, though it were but to ask her bleſſing.

Petr. Since you are ſo poſitive, I'll try.

Jo. You ſhall find me a Man of my word, Sir. [*Fight.*

Duke. Nay pray, Gentlemen, hold, let me compoſe this matter. Why do you make a ſcruple of letting us ſee *Conſtantia*?

Jo. Why, Sir, 'twould turn a Man's head round to hear theſe Fellows talk ſo; there is not one word true of all that he has ſaid.

Duke. Then you do not know where *Conſtantia* is?

Jo. Not I, by Heavens.

Fred. O monſtrous Impudence! upon my Life, Sir, I ſaw him ſhut her up into that Houſe, and know his Temper ſo, that if I had not ſtop'd him, I dare ſwear by this time he would have raviſh'd her.

Jo. Now that is two Lyes: for firſt he did not ſee her, and next the Lady I led in is not to be raviſh'd, ſhe is ſo willing.

Duke. But look ye, Sir, this doubt may eaſily be clear'd; let either *Petruchio* or I but ſee her, and if ſhe be not *Conſtantia*, we engage our Honours (though we ſhould know her) never to diſcover who ſhe is.

Jo. I but there's the Point now, that I can ne'er conſent to.

Duke. Why?

Jo. Becauſe I gave her my word to the contrary.

Duke. And did you never break your Word with a Woman?

Jo. Never before I lay with her; and that's the Caſe now.

Petr. Piſh, I won't be kept off thus any longer: Sir, either let me enter, or I'll force my way.

Fred.

Fred. No pray, Sir, let that be my Office, I will be reveng'd on him for having betray'd me to his friendſhip.

Petruchio. *and* Frederick *offer to fight with* John.

Duke. Nay, ye ſhall not offer him foul play neither. Hold Brother, pray a word; and with you too, Sir.

Jo. Pox on't, would they would make an end of this buſineſs, that I might be with her again. Hark ye, Gentlemen, I'll make ye a fair Propoſition, leave off this Cermony among your ſelves, and thoſe diſmal threats againſt me, Phillip up croſs or pile who ſhall begin firſt, and I'll do the beſt I can to entertain ye all one after another.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Now do my Fingers itch to be about ſome Bodies ears for the loſs of my Gold. Ha! What's here to do, Swords drawn? I muſt make one, though it coſt me the ſinging of ten *John Doryos* more. Courage brave Boy, I'll ſtand by thee as long as this Tool here laſts; and it was once a good one.

Petr. Who's this? *Antonio*? O, Sir, you are welcom, you ſhall be e'en Judge between us.

Ant. No, no, no, not I Sir, I thank ye; I'll make work for others to Jduge of, I'm reſolv'd to fight.

Petr. But we wo'n't fight with you.

Ant. Then put up your Swords, or by this Hand I'll lay about me.

Jo. Well ſaid old *Bilbo* i' faith. [*They put up their Swords.*

Petr. Pray hear us though: this Gentleman ſaw him lock up my Siſter into that Houſe, and he refuſes to let us ſee her.

Ant. How Friend? Is this true?

Jo. Nay, good Sir, let not our frendſhip be broken before it is well made. Look ye, Gentlemen, to ſhew ye that you are all miſtaken, and that my formal Friend there is an Aſs.

Fred. I thank you, Sir.

Jo. I'll give my conſent that this Gentleman here ſhall ſee her, if his information can ſatisfie you.

Duke. Yes, yes; he knows her very well.

Jo. Then, Sir, go in here if you pleaſe; I dare truſt him with her, for he is too old to do her either good or harm.

Fred. I wonder how my Gentleman will get off from all this.

Jo. I ſhall be even with you, Sir, another time for all your grinning.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where is he?

Ser. He's run out o' the back Door, Sir.

Jo. How ſo?

Ser. Why, Sir, he's run after the Gentlewoman you brought in.

Jo. 'Sdeath, how durſt you let her out?

Ser. Why, Sir, I knew nothing.

Jo. No

Jo. No, thou ignorant Raſcal, and therefore I'll beat ſomething into thee. [*Beats him.*

Fred. What, you won't kill him?

Jo. Nay, come not near me, for if thou doſt, by Heavens I'll give thee as much; and would do ſo however, but that I won't loſe time from looking after my dear ſweet——a Pox confound you all. [*Goes in and ſhuts the Door after him.*

Duke. What? he has ſhut the Door.

Fred. It's no matter, I'll lead you to a private back-way by that corner, where we ſhall meet him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Antonio's Servant, Conſtables *and* Officers.

Ser. A Young Woman, ſay'ſt thou, and her Mother?

Man. Yes, juſt now come to the Houſe. Not an hour ago.

Ser. It muſt be they, here Friend, here's Money for you; be ſure you take 'em, and I'll reward you better when you have done.

Conſt. But Neighbour ho—hup—ſhall I now—hup—know theſe Parties? for I would—hup—execute my Office—hup—like—hup—a ſober Perſon.

Man. That's hard; but you may eaſily know the Mother, for ſhe is hup—drunk.

Con. Nay—hup—if ſhe be drunk, let—hup—me alone to maul her, for—hup—I abhor a Drunkard—hup—let it be Man—Woman, or—hup—Child.

Man. Ay Neighbour, one may ſee you hate drinking indeed.

Conſt. Why Neighbour—hup—did you ever ſee me drunk? anſwer me that Queſtion: did you ever—hup—ſee me drunk?

Man. No, never, never: come away, here's the Houſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* 1. Conſtantia.

1. *Conſt.* Oh, whither ſhall I run to hide my ſelf! The Conſtable has ſeiz'd the Landlady, and I'm afraid the poor Child too. How to return to *Don Frederick*'s Houſe, I know not; and if I knew, I durſt not, after thoſe things the Landlady has told me of him. If I get not from this drunken Rabble, I expoſe my Honour; and if I fall into my Brother's Hands, I loſe my Life: you, Powers above, look down and help me, I am faulty I confeſs, but greater Faults have often met with lighter Puniſhments:

Then let not heavier yet on me be laid,
Be what I will, I am ſtill what you have made.

Enter

Enter Don John.

Jo. I'm almoſt dead with running, and will be ſo quit, but I will overtake her.

1. *Conſt.* Hold, *Don John*, hold.

Jo. Who's that? Ha? is it you, my Dear?

1. *Conſt.* For Heaven's ſake, Sir, carry me from hence, or I'm utterly undone.

Jo. Phoo pox, this is th' other: now could I almoſt beat her, for but making me the Propoſition: Madam, there are ſome a coming, that will do it a great deal better; but I am in ſuch haſte, that I vow to Gad, Madam——

1. *Conſt.* Nay pray, Sir, ſtay, you are concern'd in this as well as I; for your Woman is taken.

Jo. Ha! my Woman? [*Goes back to her.*

I vow to Gad, Madam, I do ſo highly honour your Ladiſhip, that I would venture my Life a thouſand times to do you Service. But pray where is ſhe?

1. *Conſt.* Why, Sir, ſhe is taken by the Conſtable.

Jo. Conſtable! which way went he? [*Raſhly.*

1. *Conſt.* I cannot tell, for I run out into the Streets juſt as he had ſeiz'd upon your Landlady.

Jo. Plague o' my Landlady, I meant t'other Woman.

1. *Conſt.* Other Woman, Sir! I have ſeen no other Woman never ſince I left your Houſe.

Jo. S'heart, what have I been doing here then all this while? Madam, your moſt humble——

1. *Conſt.* Good, Sir, be not ſo cruel, as to leave me in this diſtreſs.

Jo. No, no, no; I'm only going a little way, and will be back again preſently.

1. *Conſt.* But pray, Sir, hear me; I'm in that danger——

Jo. No no, no, I vow to Gad, Madam, no danger i' the World. let me alone, I warrant you. [*Exit;*

1. *Conſt.* He's gone, and I a loſt, wretched miſerable Creature, for ever.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. O, there ſhe is.

1. *Conſt.* Who's this, *Antonio*? the fierceſt Enemy I have. [*Runs out.*

Ant. Are ye ſo nimble-footed, Gentlewowan? If I don't overtake you for all this, it ſhall go hard——

She'll break my Wind with a Pox to her.
A Plague confound all Whores. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Mother *to the ſecond* Conſtantia, *and* Kinſwoman.

Kinſ. But, *Madam*, be not ſo angry, perhaps ſhe'll come again.

Mot. O *Kinſwoman*, never ſpeak of her more, for ſhe's an odious Creature, to leave me thus i'th' lurch. I that have given her all her breeding, and inſtructed her with my own Principles of Education.

Kinſ. Proteſt, *Madam*, I think ſhe's a Perſon that knows as much of all that as———

Mot. Knows, *Kinſwoman?* There's ne'er a Woman in *Italy* of thrice her years knows ſo much the procedures of a true gallantry, and the infallible Principles of an honourable friendſhip as ſhe does.

Kinſ. And therefore, *Madam*, you ought to love her.

Mot. No, fie upon her, nothing at all, as I am a Chriſtian: When once a Perſon fails in Fundamentals, ſhe's at a Period with me. Beſides, with all her wit, *Conſtantia* is but a Fool, and calls all the Meniarderies of a bonne mien, affectation.

Kinſ. Indeed I muſt confeſs, ſhe's given a little too much to the careleſs way.

Mot. Ay, there you have hit it, *Kinſwoman*; the careleſs way has quite undone her. Will ye believe me, *Kinſwoman?* as I am a Chriſtian, I never could make her do this, nor carry her Body thus, but juſt when my Eye was upon her; as ſoon as ever my back was turned, whip, her Elbows were quite out again: Would not you ſtrange now at this?

Kinſ. Bleſs me ſweet goodneſs! But, pray, *Madam*, how came *Conſtantia* to fall out with your Ladiſhip? Did ſhe take any thing ill of you?

Mot. As I'm a Chriſtian I can't reſolve you, unleſs it were that I led the Dance firſt; but for that ſhe muſt excuſe me, I know ſhe dances well, but there are others who perhaps underſtand the right ſwim of it as well as ſhe.

Enter Don Frederick.

And though I love *Conſtantia*.———

Fred. How's this? *Conſtantia*?

Mot. I know no reaſon why I ſhould be debarr'd the Privilege of ſhewing my own parts too ſometimes.

Fred. If I am not miſtaken that other Woman is ſhe *Don John* and I were directed to, when we came firſt to Town, to bring us acquainted with *Conſtantia*: I'll try to get ſome intelligence from her. Pray, Lady, have I never ſeen you before?

Kinſ. Yes, Sir, I think you have, with another Stranger, a Friend of yours, one day as I was coming out of the Church.

Fred. I'm right then. And pray who were you talking of?

Mot. Why, Sir, of an inconſiderate inconſiderable Perſon, that has at once both forfeited the Honour of my concern, and the concern of her own Honour.

Fred. Very fine indeed. And is all this intended for the beautiful *Conſtantia*?

Mot. O fie upon her, Sir, an odious Creature as I'm a Chriſtian, no Beauty at all.

Fred. Why, does not your Ladiſhip think her handſom?

Mot. Seriouſly, Sir, I don't think ſhe's ugly, but as I'm a Chriſtian, my Poſition is, That no true Beauty can be lodg'd in that Creature, who is not in ſome meaſure buoy'd up with a juſt ſence of what is incumbent to the devoir of a Perſon of Quality.

Fred. That Poſition, *Madam*, is a little ſevere, but however ſhe has been incumbent formerly, as your Ladiſhip is pleas'd to ſay; now that ſhe's marryed, and her Husband owns the Child, ſhe is ſufficiently juſtified for all ſhe has done.

Mot. Sir, I muſt bluſhingly beg leave to ſay you are there in an Error. I know there has been paſſages of love between 'em, but with a temperament ſo innocent, and ſo refin'd, as it did impoſe a Negative upon the very poſſibility of her being with Child.

Fred. Sure ſhe is not well acquainted with her. Pray, *Madam*, how long have you known *Conſtantia*?

Mot. Long enough I think, Sir; for I had the good Fortune, or rather the ill one, to help her firſt to the light of the World.

Fred. Now cannot I diſcover by the fineneſs of this Dialect, whether ſhe be the Mother or the Midwife: I had beſt ask t'other Woman.

Mot. No, Sir, I aſſure ye, my Daughter *Conſtantia* has never had a Child: a Child! Ha, ha, ha? O goodneſs ſave us, a Child!

Fred. O then ſhe is the Mother, and it ſeems is not inform'd of the matter. Well, *Madam*, I ſhall not diſpute this with you any further; but give me leave to wait upon your Daughter; for her Friend, I aſſure ye, is in great impatience to ſee her.

Mot. Friend, Sir? I know none ſhe has; I'm ſure ſhe loaths the very ſight of him.

Fred. Of whom?

Mot. Why, of *Antonio*, Sir, he that you were pleas'd to ſay had got my Daughter with Child. Sir—ha—ha—ha—

Fred. Still worſe and worſe; 'Slife cannot ſhe be content with not letting me underſtand her, but muſt alſo reſolve obſtinately not to underſtand me, becauſe I ſpeak plain? Why, *Madam*, I cannou expreſs my ſelf your way, therefore be not offended at me for it; I tell you I do not know *Antonio*, nor never nam'd him to you: I told you that the *Duke* has own'd *Conſtantia* for his Wife, that her Brother and he are Friends, and are both now in ſearch after her.

Mot.

Mot. Then as I'm a Chriſtian, I ſuſpect we have both been equally involv'd in the misfortune of a miſtake. Sir, I am in the derniere confuſion to avow, that though my Daughter *Conſtantia* has been liable to ſeveral Addreſſes, yet ſhe never has had the honour to be produc'd to his Grace.

Fred. So then you put her to bed to———

Mot. *Antonio*, Sir, one whom my ebb of Fortune forc'd me to enter into a negotiation with, in reference to my Daughter's Perſon; but as I'm a Chriſtian, with that candor in the Action, as I was in no kind deny'd to be a Witneſs of the thing.

Fred. So, now the thing is out. This is a damn'd Bawd, and I as damn'd a Rogue for what I did to *Don John*: For o' my Conſcience, this is that *Conſtantia* the Fellow told me of. I'll make him amends what e'er it coſt me. Lady, you muſt give me leave not to part with you, till you meet with your Daughter, for ſome Reaſons I ſhall tell you hereafter.

Mot. Sir, I am ſo highly your Obligee for the manner of your Enquiries, and you have grounded your Determinations upon ſo juſt a Baſis, that I ſhall not be aſham'd to own my ſelf a Votary to all your Commands. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Second Conſtantia.

2. *Conſt.* So, I'm once more freed from *Antonio*; but whither to go now, that's the queſtion; nothing troubles me, but that he was ſent up by that young Fellow, for I lik'd him with my Soul, would he had lik'd me ſo too.

Enter Don John, *and a* Shopkeeper.

Jo. Which way went ſhe?

Shop. Who?

Jo. The Woman?

Shop. What Woman?

Jo. Why, a young Woman, a handſom Woman, the handſomeſt Woman thou ever ſaw'ſt in thy Life: ſpeak quickly, Sirrah, or thou ſhalt ſpeak no more.

Shop. Why yonder's a Woman: what a Devil ails this Fellow? [*Exit.*

Jo. O my dear Soul, take pity o' me, and give me comfort, for I'm e'en dead for want of thee.

2. *Conſt.* O you're a fine Gentleman indeed, to ſhut me up in your Houſe, and ſend another Man to me.

Jo. Pray hear me.

2. *Conſt.* No, I will never hear you more after ſuch an Injury, what would ye have done, if I had been kind to ye, that could uſe me thus before?

Jo. By my troth that's ſhrewdly urg'd.

2. *Conſt.* Beſides, you baſely broke your word.

Jo. But will ye hear nothing? nor did you hear nothing? I had three Men upon me at once, and had I not conſented to let that old Fellow up, who came to my reſcue, they had all broken in whether I would or no.

2. *Conſt.* Faith it may be it was ſo, for I remember I heard a noiſe; but ſuppoſe it was not ſo, what then? why then I'll love him however. Hark ye, Sir, I ought now to uſe you very ſcurvily, but I can't find in my heart to do it.

Jo. Then God's bleſſing on thy heart for it.

2. *Conſt.* But a———

Jo. What?

2. *Conſt.* I would fain——

Jo. I, ſo would I: come let's go:

2. *Conſt.* I would fain know whether you can be kind to me.

Jo. That thou ſhalt preſently; come away.

2. *Conſt.* And will you always?

Jo. Always? I can't ſay ſo: but I will as often as I can.

2. *Conſt.* Phoo! I mean love me.

Jo. Well, I mean that too.

2. *Conſt.* Swear then.

Jo. That I will upon my Knees: What ſhall I ſay?

2. *Conſt.* Nay, uſe what words you pleaſe, ſo they be but hearty, and not thoſe are ſpoken by the Prieſt, for that Charm ſeldom proves fortunate.

Jo. I ſwear then by thy fair ſelf, that look'eſt ſo like a Deity, and art the only thing I now can think of, that I'll adore thee to my dying day.

2. *Conſt.* And here I vow, the Minute thou do'ſt leave me, I'll leave the World, that's kill my ſelf.

Jo. O my dear heavenly Greature! ——— [*Kiſſes her.* That Kiſs now has almoſt put me into a Swoon, for Heaven's ſake let's quickly out of the Streets for fear of another ſcuffle. I durſt encounter a whole Army for thy ſake; but yet methinks I had better try my Gourage another way; What think'ſt thou?

2. *Conſt.* Well, well; why don't you then? [*As they are going out.*

Enter 1. Conſtantia, *and juſt then* Antonio *ſeizes upon her.*

Jo. Who's this, my old new Friend has got there?

Ant. O have I caught you Gentlewoman at laſt? Come, give me my Gold.

1. *Conſt.* I hope he takes me for another, I won't anſwer, for I had rather he ſhould take me for any one than who I am.

Jo. Pray, Sir, who is that you have there by the Hand?

Ant. A Perſon of Honour, Sir, that has broke open my Trunks, and

and run away with all my Gold; yet I'll hold Ten Pound I'll have it whip'd out of her again.

2. *Conſt.* Done, I'll hold you Ten Pounds of that now.

Ant. Ha! by my troth you have Reaſon; and, Lady, I ask your pardon; but I'll have it whip'd out of you then Goſſip.

Jo. Hold, Sir, you muſt not meddle with my Goods.

Ant. Your Goods? how came ſhe to be yours? I'm ſure I bought her of her Mother, for Five hundred good pieces in Gold, and ſhe was abed with me all night too; deny that if you dare.

2. *Conſt.* Well, and what did you do when I was abed with you all night? confeſs that if you dare.

Ant. Umh, ſay you ſo?

1. *Conſt.* I'll try if this Lady will help me, for I know not whither elſe to go.

Ant. I ſhall be ſham'd I ſee utterly, except I make her hold her peace. Pray, Sir, by your leave; I hope you will allow me the Speech of one word with your Goods here, as you call her; 'tis but a ſmall requeſt.

Jo. Ay, Sir, with all my Heart. How, *Conſtantia*! Madam, now you have ſeen that Lady, I hope you will pardon the haſte you met me in a little while ago; if I committed a fault, you muſt thank her for it.

1. *Conſt.* Sir, if you will for her ſake, be perſwaded to protect me from the violence of my Brother, I ſhall have reaſon to thank you both.

Jo. Nay, Madam, now that I am in my wits again, and my heart's at eaſe, it ſhall go very hard but I will ſee yours ſo too; I was before diſtracted, and 'tis not ſtrange the love of her ſhould hinder me from remembring what was due to you, ſince it made me forget my ſelf.

1. *Conſt.* Sir, I do know too well the power of Love, by my own experience, not to pardon all the effects of it in another.

Ant. Well then, I promiſe you, if you will but help me to my Gold again. (I mean that which you and your Mother ſtole out of my Trunk) that I'll never trouble you more.

2. *Conſt.* A match; and 'tis the beſt that you and I could ever make.

Jo. Pray, Madam, fear nothing; by my love I'll ſtand by you, and ſee that your Brother ſhall do you no harm.

2. *Conſt.* Hark ye, Sir, a word; how dare you talk of Love, or ſtanding by any Lady, but me, Sir?

Jo. By my troth that was a fault; but I did not mean in your way, I meant it only civilly.

2. *Conſt.* Ay, but if you are ſo very civil a Gentleman we ſhall not be long Friends: I ſcorn to ſhare your Love with any one whatſoever; and for my part, I'm reſolv'd either to have all or nothing.

Jo. Well, my Dear little Rogue, thou ſhalt have it all preſently,

as ſoon as we can but get rid of this Company.

2. *Conſt.* Phoo, ye' are always abuſing me.

Enter Frederick *and* Mother.

Fred. Come, now Madam, let not us ſpeak one word more, but go quietly about our buſineſs; not but that I think it the greateſt pleaſure in the World to hear you talk, but——

Mot. Do you indeed, Sir? I ſwear then good wits jump, Sir; for I have thought ſo my ſelf a very great while.

Fred. Yo've all the reaſon imaginable. O, *Don John*, I ask thy pardon; but I hope I ſhall make thee amends, for I have found out the Mother, and ſhe has promis'd me to help thee to thy Miſtreſs again.

Jo. Sir, you may ſave your labour, the buſineſs is done, and I am fully ſatisfi'd.

Fred. And doſt thou know who ſhe is?

Jo. No faith, I never ask'd her name.

Fred. Why, then, I'll make thee yet more ſatisfi'd; this Lady here is that very *Conſtantia*——

Jo. Ha! thou haſt not a mind to be knock'd o'er the Pate too, haſt thou?

Fred. No, Sir, nor dare you do it neither; but for certain this is that very ſelf ſame *Conſtantia* that thou and I ſo long look'd after.

Jo. I thought ſhe was ſomething more than ordinary; but ſhall I tell thee now a ſtranger thing than all this?

Fred. What's that?

Jo. Why, I will never more touch any other Woman for her ſake.

Fred. Well, I ſubmit; that indeed is ſtranger.

2. *Conſt.* Come Mother, deliver your Purſe; I have deliver'd my ſelf up to this young Fellow, and the Bargain's made with that old Fellow, ſo he may have his Gold again, that all ſhall be well.

Mot. As I'm a Chriſtian, Sir, I took it away only to have the honour of reſtoring it again; for my hard fate having not beſtow'd upon me a Fund which might capacitate me to make you Preſents of my own, I had no way left for the exerciſe of my Generoſity, but by putting my ſelf into a condition of giving back what was yours.

Ant. A very generous deſign indeed. So, now I'll e'en turn a ſober Perſon, and leave off this wenching, and this fighting, for I begin to find it does not agree with me.

Fred. Madam, I'm heartily glad to meet your Ladiſhip here; we have been in a very great diſorder ſince we ſaw you!——What's here, our *Landlady* and the Child again?

Enter

Enter Duke, Petruchio, *and* Landlady *with the* Child.

Petr. Yes, we met her going to be whipp'd, in a drunken Conſtable's hands that took her for another.

Jo. Why, then, pray let her e'en be taken and whipp'd for herſelf, for on my word ſhe deſerves it.

Land. Yes, I'm ſure of your good word at any time.

1. *Conſt.* Hark ye, dear *Landlady.*

Land. O ſweet Goodneſs! is it you? I have been in ſuch a Peck of Troubles ſince I ſaw you; they took me, and they tumbled me, and the hall'd me, and they pull'd me, and they call'd me painted *Jezebel*, and the poor little Babe here did ſo take on. Come hither, my Lord, come hither; here is *Conſtantia.*

1. *Conſt.* For Heaven's ſake peace, yonder's my Brother, and if he diſcovers me I'm certainly ruin'd.

Duke. No, Madam, there is no danger.

1. *Conſt.* Were there a Thouſand dangers in thoſe Arms, I would run thus to meet them.

Duke. O my Dear, it were not ſafe that any ſhould be here at preſent, for now my Heart is ſo o'er preſs'd with Joy, that I ſhould ſcarce be able to defend thee.

Petr. Siſter, I'm ſo aſham'd of all the faults, which my miſtake has made me guilty of, that I know not how to ask your Pardon for them.

1. *Conſt.* No, Brother, the fault was mine, in miſtaking you ſo much, as not to impart the whole truth to you at firſt; but having begun my Love without your conſent, I never durſt acquaint you with the progreſs of it.

Duke. Come, let the Conſummation of our preſent Joys, blot out the Memory of all theſe paſt Miſtakes.

Jo. And when ſhall we conſummate our Joys?

2. *Conſt.* Never.
We'll find out ways ſhall make 'em laſt for ever.

Jo. Now ſee the odds 'twixt marry'd Folks and Friends:
Our Love begins juſt where their Paſſion ends.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

PERHAPS you Gentlemen, expect to day
The Author of this Fag-end of a Play,
According to the Modern way of Wit,
Shou'd ſtrive to be before-hand with the Pit;
Begin to rail at you, and ſubtly to
Prevent th' affront by giving the firſt blow.
He wants not Precedents, which often ſway
In matters far more weighty than a Play:
But he no grave admirer of a Rule,
Won't by Example learn to play the fool.
The end of Plays ſhould be to entertain,
And not to keep the Auditors in pain.
Giving our price, and for what traſh we pleaſe,
He thinks the Play being done, you ſhould have eaſe.
No Wit, no Senſe, no Freedom, and a Box,
Is much like paying Money for the Stocks.
Beſides the Author dreads the ſtrut and mien
Of new prais'd Poets, having often ſeen
Some of his Fellows, who have writ before,
When Nel *has danc'd her Jig, ſteal to the Door,*
Hear the Pit clap, and with conceit of that
Swell, and believe themſelves the Lord knows what.
Moſt Writers now adays are grown ſo vain,
That once approv'd, they write, and write again,
Till they have writ away the Fame they got;
Our Friend this way of writing ſanſies not,
And hopes you will not tempt him with your Praiſe,
To rank himſelf with ſome that write new Plays:
For He knows ways enough to be undone
Without the help of Poetry for one.

FINIS.